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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,573

WASHINGTON, D.C. — JULY 11, 1983

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CORRESPONDENCE

YURI'S PLIGHT

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer's observations on "The Andropov Factor" (TNR, June 13) are a useful contribution to keeping our minds open on what is likely to be the future course of Soviet actions and in particular the nature of the risk-taking that the Soviets may be willing to undertake under Andropov. Mr. Krauthammer refers to "the radical increase in Soviet global power over the last two decades." I'm not sure I understand that. Indeed, I have felt that the slow wearing away of Soviet global power has been a factor in causing them to undertake actions, such as the Afghanistan madness, which seem to me clearly counterproductive. Taking Mr. Krauthammer's two-decade reference and going back to about 1960, I note at least the following: (1.) China moved out of the Soviet orbit about 1960. (2.) Such populous and significant countries as India, Indonesia, Algeria, Egypt, and Ghana were under significant Soviet influence during some period of time in the last twenty years and now are independent or antagonistic to Soviet influence. (3.) The strategically significant countries of Somalia, Iraq, and Sudan have moved into and are now out of Soviet influence, all within the last twenty years. (4.) A number of countries of minor geopolitical significance such as Albania, Guinea, North Korea, Mali, and North Yemen have at some time in the last twenty years moved from a position of being under Soviet influence to one of independence of such influence. (5.) Apart from Vietnam and Cuba, those countries which have come under Soviet influence in the last twenty years (that is, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Angola, and South Yemen) are of minor significance from a global power analysis point of view.

LLOYD MCAULAY
New York, New York

To the editors:

It is impossible to discuss the sources of any nation's foreign policy without first examining its proposed domestic agenda. The Soviet Union is no exception. With this in mind the analyst or decision-maker must conclude that Mr. Andropov has established as his main priority the resuscitation of an ailing Soviet economy. The costs of Mr. Andropov's domestic programs, i.e. the Food Program, to which the Soviet press has devoted much attention, will be enormous and will demand cuts in the military budget. Thus the satisfaction of consumer needs will place serious constraints on Soviet "muscle flexing" and consequently will diminish the leadership's ability to take risks.

Of course it is entirely possible that in order to solidify his position as *primus inter pares* Mr. Andropov might seek to score a decisive victory in the foreign policy arena in the same fashion as Khrushchev did in September-October 1962. (Recent events in Cuba indicate such a possibility!) In this case the probability of Soviet risk taking increases.

SHERMAN W. EVERLOF
Newtown Square, Pennsylvania

INDECENT EXPOSURE

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC is one of my favorite magazines, but Stanley Kauffmann is a tired, dull, name-calling reviewer. I hope your readers will ignore his remarks about my film *Exposed* ("On Film: Double Exposure," May 23). I think many of them will like it.

JAMES TOBACK
Culver City, California

FROZEN HOPES

To the editors:

For months THE NEW REPUBLIC has been denegrating the nuclear freeze and defending the concept of deterrence. Your largest mistake is in repeatedly saying that many of us who oppose the nuclear arms race are naive, when in fact you are guilty of a much larger naiveté. You need not remind us that international politics is conducted largely through force or threats of force, for we recognize this as well as you, but we also recognize that this practice is fatally bankrupt. History shows how often the rivalries of nations have led to catastrophe. We see thousands of wars, many of which occurred because nations would rather perish than suffer a loss of pride. We see little hope that a human species with nuclear weapons can indefinitely go on acting the way it has. The fact that deterrence has given peace for four decades seems to be enough for you, but we see that four decades is pathetically short compared to the four billion years this species has a chance to live.

Ultimately you may be correct in saying that we are naive. It may be naive to hope that the human race can survive. It may be naive to hope that we can become a gentler and wiser species. Perhaps our nature does condemn us to compete over wealth and power and ideas, and addicts us to the use of force. Yet if this is true, we at least have the foresight and the honesty to face the inevitable consequence—the destruction of this species.

The antinuclear movement represents a rebellion against this fate. It is long overdue. You tell us that the antinuclear movement will not dissuade other nations from their pursuit of power, but if you are correct, then it will be more than a movement that loses, it will be an entire species. I cannot understand or forgive THE NEW REPUBLIC for refusing a hope because it was not large enough and instead spending your considerable influence defending a hope that really doesn't exist at all.

DON LAGO
Columbia, Missouri

QUESTIONABLE MOTIVES

To the editors:

Behind Reagan's "Civil Rights Caper" (TNR, June 20), another less than clean political motive may also exist: increasing the separation of blacks from Jews. Most Jews oppose "affirmative action," as I do, although blacks and liberal Jews are seen as supporting it. That some blacks also oppose it tends to be overlooked.

But the more attention is paid to the supporters and opponents of the "caper," the wider might the breach become between the two groups. President Reagan's charismatic charm may hide a rather Machiavellian mind.

NATHANIEL S. LEHRMAN
Roslyn, New York

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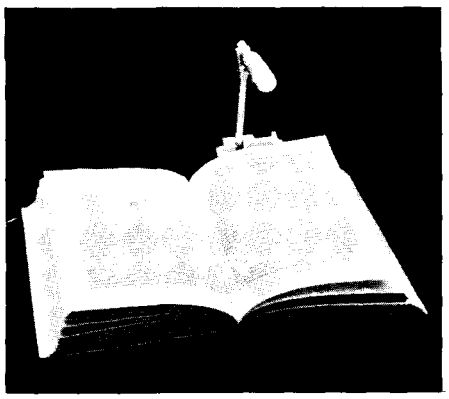

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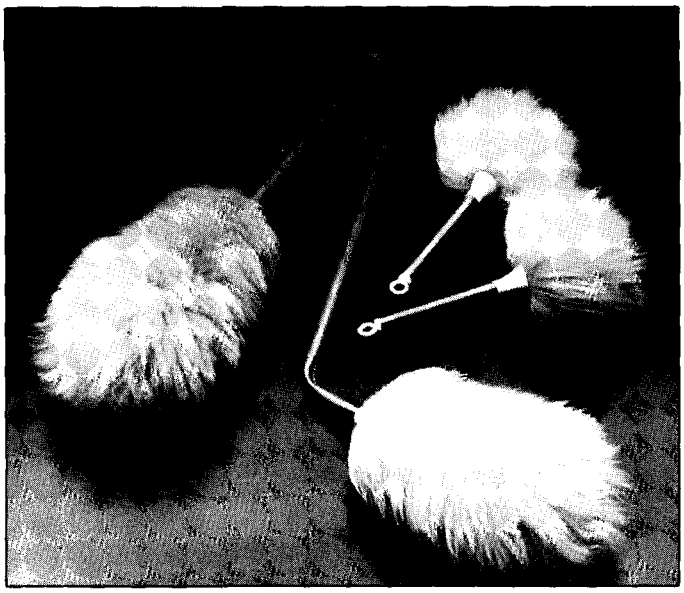

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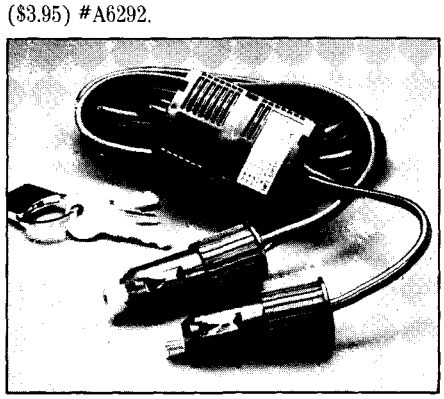

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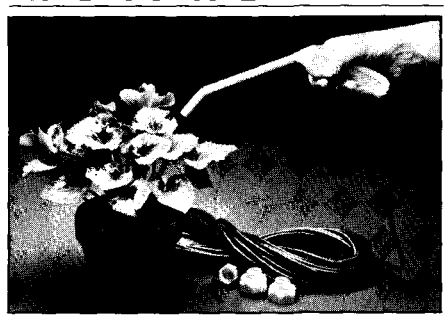

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FROM WASHINGTON

EQUIVALENTS

When you find someone in this city who shares your opinion, there is a strong temptation to quote him as a "wise observer." But this fellow, talking the other day at one of the few outdoor occasions in the past two months that didn't get rained out, was truly wise, even though you might not have agreed with all he said.

Washington has become boring and predictable, he said. After you've been here a year, you've been through the budget cycle; after two years, a midterm election; and after four years, a Presidential election. After that, as Hillel might have said, the rest is commentary.

There is some wisdom there, more than many Washington folks would admit, and it may account for a demographic gap the political analysts have not yet begun to chew over. The famous "gender gap"—women like President Reagan significantly less than men do—is a major concern of Republican planners these days, and the significance of it will be analyzed at length as the campaign intensifies. But there is another, perhaps more dangerous, gap—one of generations. Here we are, less than seven months away from the first selections of delegates in a Presidential year, and, at least among young people, nobody is for anybody. Mondale, Glenn, Cranston, Hart, Hollings—if any of them has a volunteer supporter under 30, it has escaped notice.

Somehow the political process seems less relevant to the new generation than it has in decades, and the "wise observer" quoted earlier certainly has it right as to the *process*. The debate over the budget, upon us this week in earnest, has all the excitement of a Japanese tea ceremony. There are Republican moderates—five or six of them—who want cuts in the huge defense build-up as well as some tax increases, all in an attempt to reduce the enormous deficits the President has proposed. Their idea of a defense budget increase is on the order of 7 percent, as against the 10 percent the Administration is seeking. Senate Democrats, for the most part, see an appropriate level for the defense increase at a tick or two lower, but some would go along with Mr. Reagan. (For some reason these hawks, like Senators Nunn and Jackson, are always called defense "experts" by the ever-watchful press.) The House, under Democratic leadership, has cut the defense figure to 5 percent and called for higher taxes, and Tip O'Neill would limit the benefit of the third-year tax cut to $700. Naturally, nobody thinks that budget has a chance. No experts favor it.

But into this stately gavotte, this tea ceremony, last week leapt Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, for all the world like some samurai warrior jumping from a wall, or, more accurately, a sumo wrestler bellying the others away from the table. His message to the Senate was a chilling one; never mind the budget ceilings, the President will feel free to regard them as merely "directory" if they are below his proposed levels. One should not have been surprised; when Congress (and even some in the White House) virtually demanded some budget restraint from Weinberger a few months ago, he finally agreed to cuts equaling the decline in inflation and in gasoline prices since the budget was first presented. In other words, there must have been a multi-billion-dollar "pad" of excessive costs in the budget at the time. In a case like that, restraint is easy. But now, when real restraint is a possibility for the defense increase, Weinberger tells the Senate he won't cut even if they pass a budget ceiling that requires it. No more Mr. Nice Guy.

One problem—probably the major problem—in getting some excitement into the budget debate is that the numbers are simply numbing without some reference point. Maybe the press is too worried about seeming to take sides, or appearing emotional, or less than totally cool, but so far only the Children's Defense Fund has come forth with real alternatives—a framework in which the

continued on page 39

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 11, 1983

THE ABORTION PERPLEX

There is no more vexing jurisprudential question than the enforcement of morals. Society wishes to promote certain moral values; one of the instruments for doing so is the law. Unfortunately, the law has more than just an educative function; it has a punitive one as well. Are we justified in punishing transgressions against moral standards, even when the behavior involved is not deemed injurious to others?

A classic formulation of this problem arose twenty-five years ago in Britain, when the Wolfenden Commission recommended the legalization of homosexual behavior between consenting adults. That sparked a spirited debate, led on one side by Patrick Devlin and on the other by H. L. A. Hart. In *The Enforcement of Morals* Lord Devlin argued that the state is justified in seeking to legislate prevailing morality. As the last twenty-five years of legislation regarding homosexuality, pornography, and, to a lesser extent, drug taking have shown, Mr. Hart's side won.

But the issue is not so easily disposed of. In the United States today the battleground has shifted to the more difficult case of abortion. Abortion is more difficult because it is far less clearly injurious to no one. One might expect that such a morally complex issue would result in a commensurately sophisticated debate. It hasn't. The abortion controversy was inflamed by the Supreme Court decision in 1973, *Roe v. Wade*, which struck down state laws restricting or outlawing abortion. Ever since, the debate has been monopolized by the more extreme exponents of the two sides.

On one side, the strident pro-choice advocates (the euphemisms chosen by each side are themselves indications of their intolerance: pro-choice and pro-life; who stands against choice or life?) argue that abortion is a simple question of privacy and of "a woman's control of her own body." If there is no moral difference between abortion and removal of a tumor, it follows that there should be no more societal interest in regulating the one than the other. (As any woman who has had an abortion—whether she has misgivings about it or not—can testify, the experience is never merely medical.) The attempt has been made to subsume the issue entirely under the rubric of women's rights, not only to tap into growing support for the women's movement and to portray anti-abortionists as animated by an archaic denial of women's rights, but also to blur the distinction between this issue and, say, equal pay for equal work.

On the other side we find an equal desire for obfuscating simplification. In the last Congress, the leaders of the anti-abortion crusade, Senators James East and Jesse Helms, tried to overturn *Roe v. Wade* by asking Congress to declare that life begins at conception, a notion which has been the subject of dispute throughout much of Jewish and Christian history, which was not part of the English common law, and which entered into general practice in the United States only in the late nineteenth century. One of the principal difficulties with the East proposal was that it would accord the rights and privileges of a citizen of the United States to a sixty-four-cell blastocyst. Such absurdities do not deter zealots.

Any debate that forces one to choose between the view that the fetus is a citizen and the view that the fetus is a tumor is a bad one. Between the judgment that abortion is murder and the judgment that abortion is mere surgery is the more sensible—and sensitive—view that many people, including both supporters and opponents of the Supreme Court decision, hold: that the fetus has some of the attributes of human life and acquires more and more of them as it approaches birth; and abortion, therefore, by ending this potential, partial life, is a serious and ethically problematic procedure. The core of the sin, if we may call it that, is carelessness: carelessness in the making of life on one hand, and of preventing it on the other.

Carelessness is contagious. It is a short step, and one that has already been taken, to carelessness with the life of an infant born imperfect. In the recent "Baby Doe" case in Indiana, the courts allowed parents to let their Down's Syndrome infant die, when he could have been saved by a simple operation. In a recent article in *Human Life Review*, an anti-abortion publication, President Reagan tries to

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frame the abortion issue as a choice between the "sanctity of life ethic and the 'quality of life' ethic." Things are not that easy. Infanticide is not abortion. All of life is lived on a slippery slope, yet the law must and does draw lines. It is one thing to say that the habitual performance of a morally dubious behavior can lead to a state of mind in which morally wrong behavior becomes possible. But that in no way leads to the conclusion that the law should deal with the two behaviors in the same way. Those who believe that Baby Doe should not have been allowed to die are not forced to the conclusion that abortion should be prohibited. But they are forced to look at the social consequences of a decade of legal abortion.

Roe v. Wade led not only to an increase in the number of abortions, but to its acceptability. Today 1.6 million abortions are performed yearly in the United States, meaning that one out of every three pregnancies ends in an abortion. With the abolition of legal sanction, it is inevitable that social sanction is eroded as well. The mass availability of abortion has, almost by necessity, transformed it into an acceptable—if not the most economical—form of birth control. (In countries where the traditional resistance to such a view has been even more methodically eroded, abortion rates are astonishingly high. Recent demographic studies suggest that in the Soviet Union there are about two to three abortions for every live birth.)

THE LAW *is* a teacher. But it is not the only teacher. The child growing up today receives daily lessons in sexual and moral carelessness from the mass media, from advertising, from schools. And in a larger historical sense, freedom is to blame; carelessness is its companion, perhaps even its price. *Roe v. Wade* itself was grounded in the notion of "liberty" in the Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which the court interpreted as mandating a "right to privacy." The debate over *Roe* has revolved around the question of whether or not the framers of the Constitution (or of the Fourteenth Amendment) really intended a constitutional right to privacy. But this historical point seems to us less relevant than the sociological one: in a society that has performed the miracle of continually expanding the realm of freedom, it is to be expected that people should come to feel a right to unmolested action even in increasingly morally problematic areas. It was this state of affairs that was ratified by the Supreme Court decision of 1973, and reaffirmed by the powerful new *Akron* ruling of the Supreme Court this month.

Since 1973 many legislatures have tried to limit the effect of *Roe* by nibbling at it from the edges. *Roe* permitted abortion, but also recognized a compelling state interest in promoting the health of the mother and the potential life of the fetus. It restricted the implementation of these two interests to the second and third trimesters for maternal health, and to the period after fetal viability (roughly the third trimester) for protecting the potential life of the fetus. Using the first provision, the city of Akron passed a regulation which, in the name of protecting the mother's health, imposed restrictions and certain procedural obstacles to abortions occurring beyond the first trimester. These included the requirement that they be performed in a hospital; that there be a twenty-four-hour waiting period between the time of decision and the time of abortion; that the woman be given a list of particulars about the risks, dangers, and alternatives by her doctor, and so on. The Court, while granting in principle the permissibility of regulation which presents minimal obstacles to obtaining an abortion and is meant to protect the health of the mother, ruled that these provisions seemed more intent on influencing the woman's decision in a particular way than on preserving her health. By declaring all the regulations unconstitutional, the Court reaffirmed its original position and rejected any suggestion that it had either not intended or not anticipated the consequences of *Roe*. With *Akron* it declared that it will not tolerate a legislative circumvention of its original ruling.

We have misgivings about the morality of abortion, but we do not want to see them written into law. We therefore support the Akron decision. For one thing, the social costs of outlawing abortions are enormous. The argument is familiar and does not need extensive restatement: the deaths and maimings of women in botched, illegal abortions; the nightmare of innocent women forbidden to end pregnancies caused by rape or incest; the anguish of families with unwanted children; the burdens (and poverty) of women forced to bear children they cannot provide for. But more importantly, we believe that one must not legislate something for which there is no moral consensus. It may be true that the original decision legalizing abortion helped to weaken that consensus—we have now become used to the social efficiency of abortion—but there is no going back. There comes a point in the moral evolution of society when the law by itself can no longer restore the previous order. And if the law strays too far from existing morality, it serves only to promote lawlessness and contempt for legal norms, without in any way significantly solving the problem it purports to address.

We learned that lesson with Prohibition. It was, though most people don't like to admit it, an enormous public health success. The rates of hepatitis and other related illnesses were reduced. Yet it proved such a social catastrophe that it had to be repealed. It might perhaps be preferable to live in a society where alcohol (or pornography or abortion) didn't exist. But in a society where they carry the taint of sin but not of crime, the attempt to enforce a legal standard vastly more severe than the prevailing moral standard considers just is worse than futile. It becomes a self-defeating exercise in coercion.

We agree with the Court that a woman has a legal right to an abortion, though we would hope it is a right that will never be exercised routinely. We look forward to the day when those who oppose abortion will give up the legal battle by which they intend to use the coercive powers of the state to enforce their norm, and instead use moral suasion to promote the view that abortion, while no longer a crime, is not morally neutral either.

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TATTERED BORDERS

When times are good, the popular view of immigration tends to be romantic. The word conjurs up images of tired, poor, huddled peasants shuffling down the gangplank onto Ellis Island, their Old World shawls and greatcoats melting a generation later into polyester and blue jeans. But when times get hard, so do hearts. At such times the mention of immigration is more likely to provoke angry outbursts from those who feel that foreigners are taking away the jobs of Americans. This is one of those times. What is different about the latest swing from romanticism to xenophobia is that owing to a number of factors, including an unprecedented wave of illegal immigration over the last decade, today's confrontation is more fractious, the moral issues more ambiguous, the logistics more problematic than ever before.

In May the Senate boldly took on the immigration issue when it passed, by a vote of 76 to 18, the most sweeping reform of immigration policy in more than thirty years. The bill, sponsored by Senator Alan Simpson, Republican of Wyoming and Representative Romano Mazzoli, Democrat of Kentucky, was approved over the votes of such divergent power brokers as Edward Kennedy, Jesse Helms, and Pete Domenici. Mr. Kennedy, who received eight thousand letters from Hispanic constituents, feared that in practice the bill might encourage racial discrimination. Mr. Helms had a different gripe: he could not bring himself to reward a bunch of lawless foreigners with amnesty and citizenship. And Mr. Domenici, a moderate's moderate from New Mexico, believed that the bill was unworkable and potentially disruptive to his home state. Passage over that kind of opposition, and in the absence of vocal popular support, attests to a notable sense of urgency. The Senate's final draft, now in the House, represents a legislative compromise that deserves qualified support.

America has always been of two minds on immigration policy, and not just for economic reasons. The country owes its character, even its existence, to a doctrine of open (at times, forced) immigration. Yet the notion of open borders is perpetually in conflict with the fear that the next wave of immigrants will fragment the country beyond repair, or change its face beyond recognition. That is the paradox of e pluribus unum: the search for a unifying national identity in the face of aspirations to unfettered heterogeneity. There is the urge to provide a refuge for people seeking political freedom and economic opportunity; and there is the urge to pull up the ladder, especially when those who are clamoring to climb it are different, foreign. The latter urge produced, at various times over the past century, arbitrary quotas and outright bans on certain peoples. In 1965 a series of amendments to the 1952 McCarran-Walter immigration law ended quota percentages and imposed an annual total of two hundred and seventy thousand immigrants (no more than twenty thousand from any country outside the Western Hemisphere); the limit was loosely enforced, allowing many more into the country through a seven-tiered category of "preferred" aliens that included specially skilled workers, political refugees, and relatives of U.S. citizens. The 1965 vote was Ted Kennedy's first victory as a floor manager in the Senate. It was also the last time the country did anything comprehensive about immigration.

Today's policymakers face a new problem: massive numbers of undocumented foreigners who are already in the country because they have entered illegally. This became a bitter political issue in the early '70s. Unions wanted tighter controls to protect jobs. Employers enjoyed the wealth of cheap labor that the present system provided. Minority rights groups worried about the new competition in the job market; but they also feared the potential for discrimination under any reformed system. Congress responded in 1976 by imposing the limit of twenty thousand visas per country on the nations of the Western Hemisphere, which had previously been exempt. Few officials believed that another ad hoc remedy would suffice. Yet neither President Carter nor President Reagan could make much headway toward a more comprehensive approach, largely because the blue-ribbon commissions and task forces they appointed failed to mollify lobbyists for produce growers and the garment industry, segments of the economy that had become dependent upon undocumented laborers.

THEN CAME the refugees. In September 1981 Mr. Reagan unilaterally ordered the interception at sea of Haitians, who were streaming into Florida at the rate of a thousand a month. Under his previously failed proposal for broad immigration reform, Reagan had sought stronger executive power to deal with emergencies like the Mariel boatlift, which had deposited thousands of Cubans on American shores in 1980. But the President took the Haitian action without the advice of Congress, under the assumption that many of the Haitians were economic rather than political refugees (see "The Haitians' Agony," TNR, June 16, 1982). Deportation hearings conducted at sea and the lengthy incarceration of those who reached American shores rightly angered many civil libertarians and members of Congress, and last April the 11th Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the Administration's policy was discriminatory.

In 1982 Senator Simpson and Representative Mazzoli presented a bill that received quick, overwhelming Senate approval, but was amended to death in the House. This year Mr. Simpson and Mr. Mazzoli reintroduced the legislation and quickly steered it through the full Senate and the House Judiciary Committee. Meanwhile, the pressure to do something has grown, due to political instability in Latin America and a badly deteriorating economy in Mexico—where income from petroleum exports has plummeted with the world oil glut, where the peso has been devalued from four cents to one cent in less than a year, and where the population may double by the middle of

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the next century. In the past four months, according to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, 376,665 aliens have been apprehended crossing the Mexican-American border—a 46 percent jump over the same period last year—and Canada is undergoing a commensurate rise, exacerbated by its easier visa restrictions. Current estimates of the total number of illegals in this country range from 3.5 million to 6 million.

THE SIMPSON-MAZZOLI BILL manages to address the problem of illegals without stoking the fires of racism and nativism. The bill would curb illegal immigration by penalizing the employers who knowingly hire them and would give legal status to millions of illegal aliens already in the country. In principle we support the dual mechanism of employer sanctions and alien amnesty: it helps provide a means to determine who's here and to control who's coming. But there are some legitimate questions about the logistics of enforcement and the potential for discrimination—questions that should be addressed when the bill goes to the House floor later this summer.

The proposal to penalize employers who knowingly hire illegals must be administered and enforced uniformly to avoid discriminatory side effects. Some Hispanic groups and the American Civil Liberties Union fear that sanctions could lead employers to avoid hiring Spanish-speaking or Hispanic-looking people altogether; their unlikely ally is the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, which simply dislikes any regulation of business. How can sanctions be both fair and effective? We favor a simple program whereby a hard-to-forge Social Security card (required of every applicant, and only at the time of hiring) would be verified through a toll-free phone call, like a credit card. This need not lead to a police state. "It's not an internal passport," noted Senator Simpson on "Meet the Press." "It's not to be used for law enforcement. But it is to be used at the time of new hire employment, and it's to be presented not by just people who look foreign, but by bald-headed white guys like me."

The other provision—amnesty—is simply a commonsense solution to an indefinably large human problem. Moralistic nativists of the Helms variety argue that "criminals" should not be rewarded with citizenship. Others maintain that amnesty does little more than define a problem out of existence for the time being, while encouraging future aliens with the prospect of a similar cave-in somewhere down the line. But we're not about to deport three to six million people; and to view them as criminals is more than a little unjust and hypocritical, since they are mostly hardworking people who are here because of a social and economic reality which they did nothing to create. Those who worry about a dangerous precedent should support the employer sanctions provision and increased funding for the Border Patrol. On determinations of amnesty requests, the Senate bill has a complicated schedule, under which full amnesty would be granted only to those who entered the country before 1977; the House bill would grant full amnesty to all aliens who entered before 1982. We prefer the House version as both simpler and more generous. In either case, though, a major budgetary increase for the I.N.S. will be needed, and the states will need federal help in bearing the financial burdens of legalization.

Other important issues still under discussion include a temporary worker program and a system of reviewing pleas for political asylum. The House and Senate proposals agree that the Labor Department's temporary worker program should be streamlined and expanded. Hispanic rights groups rightly reject anything like the World War II-era Bracero Program, which was banned in the early '60s as a form of indentured servitude. Braceros ("strong-armed ones") entered the country under binding, temporary contracts that were enforced by the employer, a system that invited serious civil rights violations. Any new system must include minimum wage and fair labor protections, and the freedom to change jobs.

Like temporary workers and job applicants with accents, political refugees need special protections, and the Senate wisely added an amendment expanding the right of judicial review for those seeking political asylum. This ensures due process and prevents nautical kangaroo courts, such as those that were conducted in the case of the Haitians. Ours is a self-imposed obligation to refugees, and we may justly reserve the right to determine if they are fleeing political repression. But refugees who think they have been unjustly classified should have prompt access to the court, and the bill will make sure that they can.

On the whole, Congress has done a reasonably good job of balancing opposing concerns in its approach to undocumented workers. The Simpson-Mazzoli bill recognizes that our burgeoning underground population presents a clear problem, not an imminent danger. We need to control undocumented workers, but not because they bankrupt the welfare state or dislocate American workers. Young, furtive illegals don't request government services—they are too afraid of being caught. Nor do they seem to contribute substantially to unemployment; studies in the wake of Project Jobs, the Reagan Administration's futile attempt to ferret out illegals, showed that most aliens were doing work that would otherwise go undone. But there are real problems to be addressed. Local economies will be strained under recent court decisions that mandate provision of services (such as schooling) for children of illegals. Additionally, the same need of anonymity that prevents undocumented aliens from draining welfare chests also keeps them from reporting crime, infectious disease, or violations of civil rights. And finally there is the fundamental contradiction of an official policy that legitimates employers' hiring of illegals while outlawing the labor itself. These problems, at least, the bill does address.

Unfortunately, the Senate failed to strike such a sensible balance on the issue of legal immigration. Succumbing to the restrictionists' claim that more foreigners mean fewer American jobs, the Senate has included a provision that would place a strict limit on the number of legal

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immigrants admitted each year, rigidly enforcing an annual level based on the current average of four hundred twenty-five thousand. The House bill contains no such limit, and we hope it doesn't adopt the Senate's cap. Controlling illegals is one thing, but there is little rationale for imposing such an arbitrary limit on legal immigration. Worries about American jobs are largely unfounded. Employable immigrants often enter the country to fill occupations where the supply of qualified applicants is low. Besides, they're consumers too—creating jobs as well as filling them. Without a demonstration that legal immigrants uniquely exacerbate economic problems, neither cyclical unemployment patterns nor the transformation of America's smokestack industrial base is a legitimate reason for closing our country's borders.

At a time when nearby economic and political upheavals are creating new pressures to the south, it is imperative to address actual imbalances, not irrational fears. America may not be quite big enough to accommodate every foreigner who would like to come here. But there is room for many, and there must always be room for the idea of America as a refuge, a shelter, a place of peace in a bewildering world. If it is important to discourage illegal immigration, it is equally important to encourage legal immigration. The Statue of Liberty's golden door may need a new screen if the old one is in tatters. But the purpose of a screen is to allow the door to be kept open.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS were not the only party struggling to establish themselves in British politics in the June 9 elections. Readers of *The Guardian* of June 11 learned of all kinds of curious contenders who headed for the hustings. The missions of some of them were clear from their names. The Feudal Party, the Rail not Motorway Party, the Ban Every Licensing Law Society (BELLS), the Traditional English Food Party, the Noise Abatement Party, and the Reintroduction of Hanging and Corporal Punishment Party were all, it seems safe to say, waxing nostalgic. Other coalitions, however, appeared to have in mind more mysterious agendas for the future. Who can guess what tonics Freddie's Alternative Medicine Party was pushing, or what gala or ghoulish programmes were proposed by the Fancy Dress Party, the Belgrano, Blood, Hunger Party, or the Loony Monster Green Chicken Alliance?

□ CORRECTION: Due to a typographical error in "The Senate's Secret Slush Funds" by Bill Hogan, Diane Kiesel, and Alan Green (TNR, June 20), the amount of leftover campaign money Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama spent on dues and entertainment at the Army Navy Country Club was incorrectly listed as $13,090. The correct amount was $1,390.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "To the observer familiar with conditions in Russia the nervousness of Polish intellectuals may appear exaggerated, but it seems less so when one reflects that the great hopes cherished by so many in October, 1956, have not been fulfilled. It is immaterial to the Poles that they are infinitely better off than their unfortunate colleagues in East Berlin. All they can see is that their freedom has been progressively restricted during the past seven years. This attitude emerged clearly at the celebrations held to mark the 20th anniversary of the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto. The holding of such a ceremony in the presence of foreign delegations showed a certain daring, since Moscow's attitude toward attempts to stir up the 'unconquered past' is one of unmitigated irritation." ("Poland—Part II," by Walter Z. Laqueur, July 13, 1963.)

Tennis elbow for toilers.

WRIST WATCH

THE HANES COMPANY, a billion-dollar underwear manufacturer, promises to make women feel "smooth and silky—sexy, shapely." But that's not how some of their workers feel. "My wrists feel like wrung chicken necks flopping around," says Rose Bennett of Hamlet, North Carolina. "They're too weak to control." Bennett is part of a group of workers and activists leading a national publicity campaign that charges Hanes with "treating workers like machines." In twelve Southern plants, they say, Hanes is maintaining hazardous working conditions and covering up widespread hand, wrist, and arm injuries. Hanes denies the charges and blames them on union organizers.

The controversy centers on a painful but unglamorous set of wrist and elbow injuries known as "repetitive motion traumas," which includes such disorders as tendinitis and carpal tunnel syndrome, or C.T.S. These disorders are the poor relations of that scourge of the country clubs, tennis elbow—the difference being that most middle-class tennis players don't rely on their backhand for their livelihood. The injuries affect workers who repeat the same motion over and over again, such as assembly-line workers who twist the same screw all day, fish filleters who make the same cut, or even cashiers in grocery stores who repeatedly drag milk cartons and potato sacks across electronic scanners. The concentrated stress can cause tendinitis, a painful and sometimes disabling inflammation of the tendons in the wrist and elbow. Swollen tendons in the wrist's carpal canal can pinch the nerve that runs from the shoulder to the fingers, causing carpal tunnel syndrome. At best C.T.S. brings a painful tingling and numb-

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ness to the hand, particularly at night. At worst, it can require surgery and lead to temporary or permanent disability. C.T.S. can be treated with splints to hold the wrist straight, anti-inflammation medicine, or even surgery to split a wrist ligament and relieve the pressure on the nerve. Workers generally recover with time away from the job, but the return to repetitive motion often brings the return of C.T.S., and those affected sometimes have to quit altogether.

Although an increasing number of companies are admitting problems with C.T.S. and related disorders, medical records are incomplete and no reliable statistics are available. A worker's right to collect compensation varies greatly with state law, company insurance programs, and the willingness of doctors to diagnose the ailment as work related. Daniel Habes, an industrial engineer with the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health, says he has visited manufacturing plants where 10 percent of the work force suffers from repetitive motion traumas; various union officials cite cases where 20 to 50 percent of the workers have been injured. The Department of Labor estimates that about twenty-three thousand workers a year develop carpal tunnel syndrome, but Habes speculates that the actual figure may be ten times higher.

THERE ARE SEVERAL reasons why the number of repetitive motion injuries seems to be growing. "I think an increased awareness as much as anything else accounts for the number of cases being reported," says Dr. Roger Stephens of OSHA. Several labor unions have led drives to educate workers, management, and the medical community about the injuries. In the past, doctors often misdiagnosed the disorders as arthritis or bursitis and rarely linked them to the workplace. (An Illinois doctor recently treated three poultry workers with C.T.S. by removing some of their ribs.) But the emergence of the disorders doesn't stem from increases in awareness alone; changes in the workplace are also responsible. The meatpacking industry provides a telling example. Fifteen years ago, cattle were killed in a slaughterhouse, then sent out to local meat markets and grocery stores where skilled butchers performed a number of cuts, and therefore a number of different physical motions. Now 80 percent of American beef is processed on "disassembly lines," where a single worker performs the same cut thousands of times a day. With increased productivity, profits have soared. But so has the incidence of C.T.S.

A similar division of labor has evolved at Hanes. "We used to do hem sleeves and hem bottoms when I worked there from 1965 to 1970," said Linda Simpson. "But when I came back in 1975 I was just sewing hem bottoms." Simpson's wrist problems began after the changes. Not only has production been broken down further, it has also been speeded up. Dorothy Anders, a Hanes packager who was on workers' compensation for tendinitis through most of 1982, says that in the past two years Hanes raised the sewers' minimum quota from six to eight bundles an hour. (Hanes pays workers according to an incentive system, assigning an hourly rate to a minimum production quota and offering bonuses for extra work completed.) "You have a greater and greater refinement of the production process, where the work is being de-skilled and broken up into its finest units. That's the way you maximize production," says Eric Frumin, health and safety director for the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union. "But as the repetition increases, you place substantially greater wear and tear on the worker's health."

THE COMPLAINTS against Hanes date back to 1980, when, as part of an organizing drive at the company's plant in Galax, Virginia, A.C.T.W.U. conducted an education campaign aimed at identifying repetitive motion injuries. Although the workers voted the union in, Hanes protested that the union had used unfair campaign tactics (passing out leaflets that called the company lawyers "shysters," for example) and a circuit court judge invalidated the election. However, A.C.T.W.U. still keeps an office in Galax, and Hanes blames the current controversy on the union. "We feel there is a link between the tendinitis charges and the union-organizing activities," says Robert Radcliffe, a vice president of Hanes. "We feel the company is being portrayed in an unfair light."

But charges of an unsafe workplace didn't come from the union alone. A confidential study done for the company in the summer of 1980 by Aetna, Hanes's insurers, found that "excessive force and poor work methods" did in fact pose a threat to worker safety. "The concentrated intensity of each operator, the rapidity of repeated wrist and finger movements with virtually no lost motion, and the complete absence of any conversation or similar distraction between operators are indications to even the casual observer of the very intense production orientation of each operator," said the report. An OSHA inspection prompted by worker complaints concluded the same thing—that workers were "subjected to excessive muscular stress to the shoulders, arms, wrists, and hands." After a year-long protest, Hanes agreed to pay a nominal fine (reduced from $500 to $100 following company complaints) and hired an industrial engineer to study possible changes in job design.

Hanes brought in a North Carolina State University ergonomist named Mahmoud A. Ayoub to serve as a consultant. (Ergonomists are industrial engineers who study ways of adapting the workplace to the worker. For example, rather than have a poultry worker bend his or her hand to cut a chicken, ergonomists have designed bent knife handles instead.) Ayoub argues that the speed of production and repetition of motion alone don't cause the injuries. "If you have the proper posture and body positions, you won't have problems," he said. Upon Ayoub's recommendation, Hanes bought new chairs, and made other, more minor, alterations, like changing foot pedals and table heights. The company has also given talks to supervisors and workers on the causes of the injuries, videotaped injured workers to check their work technique, and established a corporate ergonomics task force

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to educate workers and supervisors. "I think Hanes is setting an example," said Ayoub. "I think they have done quite a lot."

But not everyone shares his enthusiasm. After several workers complained, Virginia state OSHA inspector Alan Mizeras conducted a follow-up investigation of the plant in Galax. Mizeras concluded that although Hanes had met its legal obligation, "more is needed to meet the spirit of the agreement." He told a local reporter, "You get in there and you are immediately impressed by the frenzy. There is no wasted motion. Some people are working at 140 to 160 percent of quota, which is one heck of a rate."

DISGRUNTLED WORKERS, together with local activists (two of them nuns who learned of tendinitis from Hanes workers in their hometown of Bennettsville, South Carolina), charge the company with covering up the injuries. Hanes officials say that out of eighteen thousand workers, there were only thirty cases of C.T.S. and related disorders in the year ending July 1982. But the company's critics challenge their figures. Galax worker Burleen Burdette says that in her area alone, "It'd be safe to say that at least thirty people (out of eighty) have had it over the last two years." It is difficult to assess these conflicting accounts, since many workers, apparently fearful of being labeled troublemakers or "pro-union," are reluctant to discuss the injuries. When a TV news team from Winston-Salem, North Carolina, visited a local plant, none of the employees interviewed claimed to know anyone who'd been injured. Yet after the segment was aired, the station received a number of calls from workers who claimed that tendinitis was in fact a problem, but that they wouldn't say so on TV. Hanes critics also claim that in many cases the company has stopped using the words "tendinitis" and "carpal tunnel syndrome" on the OSHA logs, changing them to "sore wrist" and "sore elbow"—a charge the company denies. And workers say that a questionnaire concerning household chores that Hanes now gives to injured employees represents an attempt to deny that the injuries stem from the workplace. "A lot of times they try to put it on the stuff you do at home—washing the dishes, cutting the lawn, peeling the potatoes," says Burdette. In an interview with *The Wall Street Journal*, Hanes medical director Charles Gunn said that it was the union-organizing campaign, "a stress situation," that caused the injuries.

The Hanes case has caught the notice of a number of management and labor representatives across the country. In response to the negative publicity it has received, Hanes recently appointed a panel of outside doctors to survey the plants, and asked a group of social workers, educators, and other prominent Southerners to review the company's "corporate citizenship." It may be true, as Hanes suggests, that some of the workers' claims are exaggerated and are being used by union activists to score anticompany points. Nonetheless it's also true that for three years Hanes denied there was a problem at all, despite the warnings of Aetna, OSHA, and the workers, and has acted only when compelled to do so. There are better ways of addressing the problem. Management and labor at the Health-Tex clothing company, for example, agree about the seriousness of repetitive motion injuries and have invited ergonomists to study their factories and suggest changes.

In the history of industrialism the chapter on tendinitis and C.T.S. will probably be short, for as the science of robotics improves, repetitive motion injuries—and a lot of jobs—may be eliminated altogether. But the robots aren't here yet, and wrists and elbows can't be replaced with spare parts. For unorganized workers in Southern plants, C.T.S. seems a new line in an old song. Move sixteen tons and what do you get? An employee newsletter answers: "Another day older and carpal tunnel syndrome."

JASON DEPARLE

Budapest's unquiet dead.

INDECENT BURIAL

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS, family, friends, and strangers lit candles and placed flowers on the graves of Section 21 of the main Budapest cemetery on Kerepesi Street. The section, begun in late October 1956, became the burial ground for two hundred fifty men and women, most of them under the age of twenty, who were killed fighting for the Hungarian revolution. The graves are scheduled to be eliminated by the end of 1983.

A year ago cemetery officials—state employees, of course—posted a notice in the cemetery, addressed to the families of the dead. The notice said that Section 21 was being cleared, in accordance with the law that defines twenty-five years as the limit of cemetery use, and that unless the families paid for exhumation (which costs a month's wages) and moved the remains of their dear ones elsewhere, the remains would be trucked to a collective grave in another location.

Officials of the Hungarian embassy in Washington insist that there is no political motive in the decision to vacate Section 21. They say that nine other sections are also being vacated as part of "an aesthetic master plan devised long ago." They say that the task of informing the families affected is being handled "in the most humane way possible." Nevertheless, they acknowledge that families of those who died fighting *against* the revolution did not receive a similar notification about the twenty-five-year limit. Nor is there any indication that sections reserved for the Soviet military and the Hungarian secret police are in any danger of being vacated. When I questioned one embassy spokesman about Section 21, I was cautioned that the issue is "not timely" and that the events

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of 1956 are "nothing but history which young Hungarians no longer care about." He added that writing articles about Section 21 "does not promote better Hungarian-American relations."

The fact is that Section 21 is the closest thing that exists in Hungary to a memorial for those who died fighting for the 1956 revolution. It is never easy to divine secret objectives, especially in cases where so much public symbolism and such deep personal feelings are involved. But it is hard to believe that the decision to raze such a graveyard is due to aesthetic considerations. Those of us who have welcomed the postrevolutionary regime's considerable progress toward liberalization are puzzled. After all, what does János Kádár stand to gain by stirring painful memories? Can he believe that the leveling of a graveyard really helps erase the memory of those few days when Hungary played center stage in world history? Or is the regime confident that its liberal reputation is so well established and the issue of a little cemetery is so obscure that no one will bother to mention it in print?

BUDAPEST is an Old World capital crowded with marble monuments to martyrs and bronze statues of liberators. The past is an everyday presence, and creating its own version of history is a major concern of every government. The families of the dead fighters in Section 21 were relatively privileged: they were able to bury their relatives themselves. The families of those who were executed after the Soviet invasion of November 4 have been less fortunate.

The executed were interred in unmarked graves, probably in a place known as "the prisoners' cemetery," in the Budapest suburb of Rákoskeresztur. It is surrounded by barbed wire and guarded by soldiers, and no visitors are allowed. The graves are marked only by numbers. Only top officials have access to the ledger that identifies who is buried in which gravesite.

If there are no graves, no one died. If no one died, no one fought for the revolution. If no one fought for the revolution, the revolution did not happen. To this day, almost exactly twenty-five years after the executions of Imre Nagy, Prime Minister during the revolution, and his three co-defendants, it is a state secret where they are buried. Through personal contacts and legal channels, their families have repeatedly appealed to the authorities that they be allowed to visit the graves. The requests are left unanswered.

Last November Pál Maléter, an architect in the Veterans Administration, filed a petition from Washington requesting that the remains of his father be transferred from their present unknown location to the family crypt. His father was General Pál Maléter, the Minister of Defense, whom the Soviets arrested while conducting armistice negotiations. He was the highest-ranking military officer executed after the uprising. Though encouraged by embassy officials to write to the authorities in Budapest, Maléter has not yet received an answer.

A more speedy response was given to a 1981 congressional appeal—addressed to Party Secretary Kádár and signed by Senator Daniel Moynihan and Representative Frank Horton of New York, and Representative Millicent Fenwick of New Jersey—to permit families of the executed revolutionary leaders to visit the gravesites. The Hungarian ambassador, János Petrán, refused to forward the letter and returned it to its senders, explaining that such appeals "are irreconcilable and incompatible with historically established intercourses between representatives of states and with the general trend of Hungarian-American relations."

PRESIDENT REAGAN recently issued a public letter strongly endorsing a new appeal now being circulated which has the signatures of Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, Lane Kirkland, and William F. Buckley Jr. Still, the State Department is uncomfortable with the matter of the gravesites. Under both Republicans and Democrats, foreign policy experts have cited Hungary's decentralized economy and its cultural life as a model for other Soviet bloc countries. Hungary was recently recertified as a most favored nation. "Why not concern ourselves with the living?" one U.S. official snapped. Yet it is hard to repress indignation. After the fiercest battles in history, the vanquished were allowed to bury their dead. King David ordered a state funeral for King Saul, the rival who had sought to kill him. Even Khomeini has been punctilious in returning to the families the bodies of his victims.

Privately, Hungarian government officials suggest that there will be no change of policy until Kádár's retirement or death. Kádár, who was once himself convicted of high treason in a Stalinist trial and was freed by Nagy during Nagy's first tenure as Prime Minister in 1953, served in Nagy's 1956 cabinet until, backed by Soviet troops, he formed his own government. One reliable account claims that Kádár was present when Nagy was hanged; the explanation is that the Russians must have forced Kádár, a man known to be temperamentally repelled by bloodshed, to be present. After the judge issued Nagy's death sentence—death by hanging—he refused to appeal for clemency. In his last words at the conclusion of his trial on June 15, 1958, a warm summer Sunday afternoon, he declared: "I am appalled by one thought: that my murderers may rehabilitate me."

Rehabilitation is a ritual that Communists reserve for those of their comrades who were consigned to oblivion by the General Secretary of the day, but who are vindicated in the dialectical fullness of time; and rehabilitation is often formalized by reburial, an important ritual of the Communist cult of the dead. One need not be a Marxist to believe that history will yet revise the aesthetic plan for Section 21 and the unmarked graves in the prisoners' cemetery.

CHARLES FENYVESI

Charles Fenyvesi is a staff writer for *The Washington Post Magazine*.

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A cautionary note.

RUCKELSHAUS' RECORD

THE RETURN of William Ruckelshaus as administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency has been greeted with relief bordering on ecstasy. He sailed through his confirmation hearings, and on May 17 the Senate confirmed him without a dissenting vote. Many in the news media, Congress, and the E.P.A. itself have welcomed him as a kind of savior. Nor are these happy feelings without basis in reality. Morale at the agency has already improved dramatically. Environmentalists, whom the old regime had simply shut out, again have someone with whom they can at least have a civil conversation. In the matter of integrity, there is no comparison between Ruckelshaus, who quit government in 1973 rather than be a party to Richard Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre, and the gang of crude, reflexively pro-pollution nonregulators who preceded him. But amid the general rejoicing, a small cautionary note is in order. As the first administrator of the E.P.A., Ruckelshaus compiled a decidedly mixed record, and, perhaps more significantly, he has spent much of the past decade fighting environmentalists, defending corporate users of toxic chemicals, and working for some of the nation's biggest polluters.

Ruckelshaus has been justly praised by environmentalists for several of the decisions he made at the E.P.A. during the Nixon Administration. In 1972 he banned most uses of the pesticide DDT, which was devastating birds, fish, and other wildlife, and had been shown to cause cancer in animals. (A prominent opponent of Ruckelshaus's decision, by the way, was Ronald Reagan. "The world is experiencing a resurgence of deadly diseases spread by insects," Reagan complained, "because pesticides like DDT have been prematurely outlawed.") Ruckelshaus also showed courage in banning the use of several extremely toxic chemicals (thallium, strychnine, and compound 1080) used to poison coyotes and other predators. The widespread use of these poisons was killing eagles, among other endangered species of wildlife. E.P.A.'s action provoked intense opposition from Western sheep- and cattle-raising interests and their congressional allies, who had been among Nixon's major political supporters. And Ruckelshaus helped shape a variety of key environmental protection laws, including the Clean Air Act, the Clean Water Act, and the Federal Pesticide Law.

At the same time, however, the agency stubbornly resisted efforts to restrict several widely used pesticides known to cause cancer and birth defects. In 1971 an E.P.A. scientist discovered that the testing data used to prove the safety of the pesticides aldrin and dieldrin actually showed that they caused cancer. Yet Ruckelshaus refused to remove the chemicals from the market despite a lawsuit brought by environmentalists to force their cancellation. His successor at E.P.A., Russell E. Train, finally suspended their manufacture in August 1974 on the grounds that they posed "an unacceptably high cancer risk" to humans and were "an imminent hazard to public health." By this time dieldrin was being found in 96 percent of all meat, fish, and poultry; in 90 percent of all air samples; and in the flesh of 99.5 percent of all Americans.

Similarly, in 1971 E.P.A. determined that another carcinogenic pesticide, heptachlor, had been approved on the basis of evidence that actually proved its toxicity. But despite calls for restrictions on its use from environmentalists, scientists, and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Ruckelshaus did not take any action. Heptachlor was finally restricted by Russell Train in December 1975. By then it had been shown to cause cancer at the lowest levels tested (one-half part per million), and significant amounts were being found in the fat tissue of 95 percent of Americans tested.

WHEN RUCKELSHAUS left the E.P.A., he went to work for various industries that were attempting to weaken or evade provisions of some of the same laws he had been enforcing over the preceding three years. In 1973 he and several former E.P.A. officials formed their own law firm, which represented and lobbied on behalf of industry clients fighting regulation by the E.P.A. Included in these was the vinyl chloride industry, which was trying to fend off attempts to restrict the use of this chemical, a carcinogen to which most Americans have been frequently exposed.

From 1975 until his return to government Ruckelshaus served as senior vice president of the Weyerhaeuser Company. This giant timber and wood products firm, which soothingly sells itself as "the tree growing company," has been repeatedly cited and fined for violating air and water pollution laws. Environmental Action has named Weyerhaeuser one of the top "Filthy Five" polluters in the nation.

Weyerhaeuser was one of the biggest users of the Stringfellow Acid Pits toxic-waste dump near Riverside, California; it deposited some eight hundred thousand gallons of deadly waste at the site. That twenty-two-acre dump is now listed by the E.P.A. as one of the most hazardous in the nation, its seepage threatening the water supplies of some thirty-five thousand people. The E.P.A. has filed a lawsuit to try to force the responsible parties to pay the bill for cleaning up the mess, which, it is estimated, will come to over $40 million.

Weyerhaeuser has also been a major user and defender of toxic herbicides that contain a form of dioxin known as TCDD, which is the most deadly chemical known. In many places where timber companies and the U.S. Forest Service have sprayed such herbicides, local residents have experienced a variety of severely adverse health problems, including miscarriages, birth defects, and cancer. Intense flu-like disorders have swept through entire communities in the Pacific Northwest; pets and livestock have sickened and died; birds and other wildlife have disappeared.

In 1979 the E.P.A. announced that it intended to ban the

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herbicide 2,4,5-T on the grounds that this dioxin-contaminated chemical was killing unborn children in areas where it was being sprayed. 2,4,5-T is one of the two ingredients of the notorious Agent Orange (see "The Veterans' Ordeal," by C.D.B. Bryan, TNR, June 27). Declaring 2,4,5-T an imminent threat to human health, the agency applied "emergency" restrictions on the chemical, suspending its use on forests, power line rights-of-way, and "pastureland." (Inexplicably, other major uses were allowed to continue, such as on rice fields, rangeland, fences, industrial areas, and parking lots.)

WITH THE SUSPENSION on forest spraying of 2,4,5-T, the timber industry has largely replaced it with another commonly used herbicide called 2,4-D—the other ingredient of Agent Orange. This compound causes cancer, birth defects, and miscarriages in animals, and has been associated with the deaths of numerous human fetuses. Around Ashford, Washington, where the surrounding forests and highway were being heavily sprayed with 2,4-D by Weyerhaeuser and the state highway department, there were twelve pregnancies between January 1979 and March 1980; ten of them ended in miscarriages, and one child died shortly after birth. According to a report in the local newspaper, at a meeting called by women from the community to protest the spraying, a Weyerhaeuser chemist remarked that "babies are replaceable," and suggested to the women that they should plan their pregnancies around the spray schedule.

In the Swan Valley area of Montana, six women living on a fifteen-mile stretch of Highway 83, which had been sprayed with 2,4-D by the state highway department, had seven miscarriages and only one live birth in the two-and-a-half-year period ending in February 1980. The area's only successful birth was to a woman who had spent most of her pregnancy out of the state. Numerous similar accounts have been reported from communities throughout the country. Although the testing data submitted to prove 2,4-D's safety has long ago been discredited, the E.P.A., under pressure from the timber industry, still refuses to place any meaningful restrictions on the chemical.

The E.P.A. halted the cancellation process on 2,4,5-T when the Reagan Administration took office, and began private negotiations with the manufacturer, Dow Chemical, on lifting the partial ban. If the E.P.A. decides to place further restrictions on 2,4,5-T and other controversial herbicides, it will have to conclude they were harmful to human health when Ruckelshaus's former firm used them. Ruckelshaus's agency will thus be sitting in judgment, in effect, on Ruckelshaus's own activities over the past few years.

Another product frequently containing forms of dioxin that has been widely used by the forest and wood products industry is pentachlorophenol (PCP), a commonly used fungicide and wood preservative that has been associated with the deaths of humans and livestock. (It is not to be confused with the street drug known by the same initials.) PCP has been implicated in the deaths of newborn infants in a hospital in St. Louis, and in the poisoning of numerous herds of cattle in the West and Midwest, apparently from licking, rubbing against, or inhaling fumes from wood that had been treated with it. Log homes are commonly treated with the chemical, and a 1980 Communicable Disease Center study of log home residents found PCP levels ten times higher than normal in their blood and urine. In February 1981 the E.P.A. announced that because the "risks posed by the wood preservative pesticidal chemicals are substantial," it was restricting some uses of PCP, while allowing its general sale and use to continue.

Similar questions have been raised at the E.P.A. about formaldehyde. On February 17, 1982, E.P.A. officials, despite a recommendation from the agency's staff, announced that it would not ban or restrict the chemical. But a few days later, on February 22, the Consumer Products Safety Commission ordered a ban on the sale of formaldehyde as home insulation, on the grounds that it could cause cancer. Given the widespread use of formaldehyde by the forest industry in such wood products as particle board and plywood, it may not be easy for the E.P.A. to reverse itself and declare that such uses can, after all, cause cancer—even if Ruckelshaus himself does not participate in the decision.

IT IS FAR TOO SOON to say what Ruckelshaus's appointment portends for the nation's environment and public health. He will doubtless bring more integrity and competence, less confrontation, and a better image to the agency than it had under Anne Burford. He has already replaced most of the former top officials at the E.P.A., and the agency's rhetoric on such issues as acid rain and toxic waste dumps has dramatically changed, suggesting that these problems may be addressed with some seriousness.

But the man who has set the course for the Administration's environmental policies—President Reagan—is still calling the shots. During his confirmation hearings, Ruckelshaus indicated that his policies would not represent any major departure from those the Administration has been following all along. And back in January 1981, Ruckelshaus wrote to Vice President George Bush: "As the first administrator of E.P.A., I am largely to blame for most of the bad things done to business by environmental regulations over the last decade. Given my culpability, I am mightily interested in seeing constructive change in our country's social regulatory policy." It remains to be seen whether Ruckelshaus has returned to absolve himself of that "culpability" or to institute the kinds of changes that will be needed if the environment and public health of the nation are to be adequately protected.

LEWIS REGENSTEIN

Lewis Regenstein, vice president of the Fund for Animals, is the author of *America the Poisoned: How Deadly Chemicals Are Destroying Our Environment, Our Wildlife, and Ourselves* (Acropolis Books).

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The confessions of a K.G.B. mole.

TURNCOAT IN TOKYO

BY MURRAY SAYLE

Tokyo

THERE WAS something hard to place about Stan, I thought, the first time I met him. It was back in 1975, and we were at one of those weekend seminars on Peace which occasionally turn up useful contacts. This one, sponsored by Quakers, was earnest, dull, and dry as the Gobi. Stan sat across the table from me. He was in his thirties, his hair thinning on top. He sported a hairline mustache, a bow tie, tinted glasses, a plaid jacket—the getup of a man who did not want to look too conspicuously inconspicuous. Pinned to his chest was a delegate's name tag: STANISLAV A. LEVCHENKO, NEW TIMES.

"Ah, *New Times*," I said, breezing up to our man during the fruit juice break. "Far out. Turn on, tune in, drop out, right? Peace and love?" Though not exactly a faithful subscriber, I recalled that the magazine was a late blooming of the counterculture. Behind his shades, Stan looked suspicious. "You make good propaganda, yes?" he said. "*New Times* is publication of Soviet Trade Union Movement. In Moscow." He said he happened to have a copy with him. I'd like to see it? I could hardly say no, and for the next hour or so of the conference I glanced over its gray, forbidding pages.

The lead story, as I remember, was about yet another crushing defeat for U.S. puppet troops at the hands of the Vietnamese people, party, and army. Elsewhere in the world the workers, with striking uniformity, were groaning under the iron hoof of U.S. imperialism. I saw that Stan had a piece datelined Tokyo, where the ruling circles were apparently part of the same soulless conspiracy. "Very interesting," I said diplomatically. "You think so?" said Stan. "We must talk more. Come round to the house some time soon. I have plenty of literature there. And vodka," he added roguishly. "From Moscow."

We exchanged name cards, in the Japanese manner, and I said I would call when I had an evening free. Somehow I never made it, another of life's opportunities, I fear, gone with the empties of yesteryear. I assumed, of course, that Stan was with the K.G.B., since writing for *New Times* could scarcely keep anyone busy full time, given the predictably inhuman behavior of the imperialists. But I already knew Kim Philby, and one K.G.B. contact seemed enough.

Nevertheless, I saw quite a bit of Stan over the next few years. Tokyo's Foreign Press Center, originally modeled on the one in Washington, often organizes press tours to places of interest, and Stan and I were frequent fellow travelers. These tours are not freebies, but they are an intelligent effort by the Japanese to present their country to the world, and any journalist accredited by the government in Tokyo—which excludes only South Africans and North Koreans, citizens of states not recognized by Japan—can go. Newsmen (if that is the appropriate term) from Communist countries are frequent attenders.

So Stan and I splashed through shipyards, paced the sooty halls of steel mills, and soaked up the secrets of Japanese piano production. I soon found that he was not well up on Bernstein Revisionism or Lenin's *State and Revolution*, just as our colleagues from *Time*, *Newsweek*, and/or the C.I.A. are seldom strong on the Federalist Papers. Asked his opinion of the eventual rehabilitation of Leon Trotsky, Stan seemed none too sure who he was. He did show, however, an obsessive interest in statistics, taking copious notes, in English, on such subjects as the Japanese output of pig iron per man per shift. And it was clear, from an article he showed me on Japanese bamboo basket weaving, that Stan was no breathtaking prose stylist, either.

Still, I was surprised to hear, in October 1979, that Stan had defected to the United States. Equally unexpected was the manner of his going. It appears that K.G.B. men are followed around by other K.G.B. men, although logically this process must have a limit somewhere, or it would engulf the whole human race. Stan, for one, took no chances, and instead of just checking in at the U.S. Embassy, as you or I would, he spent a whole afternoon touring Tokyo, ducking in and out of taxis, using different subway exits and the front and back doors of hotels, before finally pitching up at the Sanno Hotel, in central Tokyo, and asking to see "a senior intelligence officer." The Sanno, a peeling relic of the Occupation years, accommodates service people on leave, and Stan in all innocence had gatecrashed a U.S. Navy party.

Soon, however, a "tall, gray-haired man named Robert" appeared, and, after Stan had spent a sleepless night at a "safe house," Robert came through with a U.S. visa and a first-class ticket, one way, to Washington. Stan, it seems, asked Robert for military transport with a fighter escort, but in the end had to settle for Pan Am, the Airline of Experience. According to Stan's later account, he just

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Murray Sayle is the greatest living Australian.

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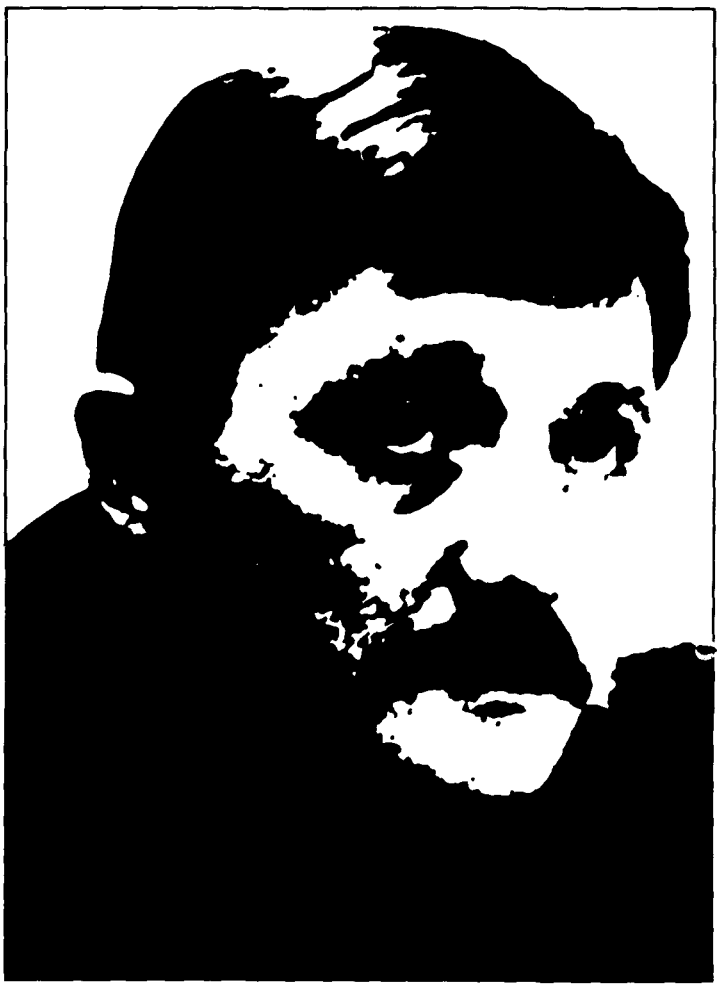
made it through Tokyo airport ahead of a posse of vengeful Russians, although these may, of course, have been, like the spots on Lady MacBeth's hands, the imaginings of an uneasy mind.

Stan's movements over the next three years are mysterious. He may have been resident in that village deep in the woods of Washington state where everyone is said to have a recent nose job and tinted contact lenses. He may, on the other hand, have had business closer to the other Washington, where, last July, we find him testifying before a closed session of the House Intelligence Committee, an appearance Stan described in his opening remarks as "a great honor."



Stan told the Congressmen that he had enjoyed a privileged childhood. His father was a major general in chemical warfare research, his stepmother a pediatric surgeon, his own mother having died when he was three. He was educated at a special high school for the offspring of big shots in Moscow, learned English, and studied Japanese for six years at Moscow University, writing his master's thesis on the Japanese peace movement. Then, as a reserve army officer, Stan qualified as an intelligence operative (illegal). In the event of imminent war, his assignment was to have been to proceed to Great Britain and gather information on the state of readiness of British nuclear strike forces. The selection of a Japanese expert for a job in England, or possibly Scotland, suggests that the Red Army works on lines comfortingly close to those of the West.

In 1971 came the call to join the K.G.B. Stan trained on the job for the next three years, followed by a year in the editorial offices of *New Times* in Moscow "to improve my journalistic skills." As he explained to the committee, "to be able to dissolve into the international journalistic community in Tokyo . . . I had to have real journalistic experience." According to Stan, *New Times* (the Soviet version) was started in 1943 solely to give Soviet spies cover jobs, and ten of its twelve foreign correspondents when he was there were K.G.B. men, which would help to explain the magazine's monumental lack of pizzazz. Early in 1975 Stan arrived to begin his dual assignment in Tokyo.

By his own account, Stan's field career with the K.G.B. got off to a promising start. Once or twice a month he filed a piece for *New Times*, and had twenty to twenty-five clandestine meetings a month with "agents of the K.G.B.'s network in Japan." By 1979, Stan said, he was handling "ten agents and developmental contacts," including four "agents" he had personally recruited in the previous four years. As a result of this good work, Stan said, he was promoted to major by a grateful K.G.B. only weeks before he defected.

Asked for a sample of his work in Tokyo, Stan told the committee that, on orders from Moscow, he had used his contacts with Japanese journalists to get then-President Jimmy Carter labeled "Neutron Carter" in the local press. But the name, despite Stan's efforts, did not catch on.

Stan's Washington testimony, in fact, created little stir in Japan when it was released late last year. Spying is not, as such, against Japanese law, since in principle Japan has no offensive armed forces or hostile designs on anyone, and so there is nothing to spy on. With one hundred fifty thousand bars in Tokyo alone, many hidden up mysterious back alleys, working conditions are ideal, and Stan himself has described Japan as "a heaven for spies." Obviously the K.G.B., like every other self-respecting spook outfit in the world, bases its Far Eastern operation in Tokyo, and Stan's work, as he described it to Congress, sounded pretty harmless, while still allowing Stan to draw his K.G.B. salary and expenses with a clear conscience.

The Japanese reaction to Stan's next set of disclosures, made to, of all publications, the *Reader's Digest*, has been rather different. His motives are again unclear. He may, of course, have been drawn to the *Digest* as a simple reader Enriching his Word Power, or applying Laughter, the Best Medicine. Then again, he may have been attracted by the *Digest's* reputation, greatly exaggerated, of being the best payer in the business. Was Stan the spy who came in for the gold? Or was it that, working with writer John Barron, himself a former Navy intelligence officer, he was simply pouring his story into the porches of a sympathetic ear?

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In any event, he let, if not all, then a lot more of it hang out. Names sell papers, an old news editor used to advise me, and Stan seems to have heard similar counsel. Most of his names are phonies, in-house pseudonyms like "Ulanov," "Kamus," "Grace," "Kanto," and "Thomas." These shadowy people, says Stan in the May edition of *Re Dai*, as the Japanese version of the *Digest* is known, are among the two hundred politicians and journalists who were K.G.B. "agents" or "collaborators" when he was working with the K.G.B. in Tokyo.

As Stan tells it, some of his more athletic feats of espionage were with these phantoms. He cites, for instance, his "brush contacts" with a Japanese journalist, code-named "Ares," who used to slip Stan microfilms as they passed, by prearrangement, in a Tokyo street. Stan would then place the films in a box bolted to a waiting K.G.B. car, the box wired to burst into flames if tampered with, and Stan would take a second stroll to pass Ares an envelope stuffed with money. Ares, said Stan, was getting the stuff from "Schweik," described as "a man in his forties working for Japanese intelligence." (Again, Japan is not officially supposed to be in the intelligence business, but there *is* an outfit called the "Cabinet Research Room" which is said to gather the odd fact now and again.) According to Stan, Ares passed more than a thousand documents, and bought a new (presumably Japanese) car with the proceeds.

Stan says he himself had a personal stable of twenty-six "agents" of this kind, although this number included, he said, "friendly people who mix with K.G.B. officers disguised as journalists, and people likely to become Soviet friends after approaching them." And, as he told the Washington committee, "I have knowledge of some approaches to some British journalists." Some of these people, Stan conceded, might not be aware that they appeared on the K.G.B.'s books as "agents" or "collaborators." His method, he said, was to "enmesh them in a web of gifts," starting, apparently, with a free copy of *New Times*.

But Japan already has a rash of scandal magazines, and readers here expect at least some nitty-gritty with their amazing disclosures. Stan accordingly supplied the *Reader's Digest* with the real names of eight of his Japanese "agents," with the promise, or threat, of more, "depending on the situation in the future." Stan failed, disappointingly, to identify the agile Ares, and his list has not, in fact, caused many Japanese readers of the *Digest* to reach for their smelling salts.

THE BIGGEST FISH, politically speaking, is one Hirohide Ishida, a former labor minister, and currently a back-bench member of the Japanese Parliament's ruling Liberal Democratic Party. Ishida is also president of the five-hundred-member Parliamentary Group for Japanese-Soviet Friendship, perhaps, if we can believe Stan, the most transparent cover in the history of espionage. Stan claims that he ordered Ishida to persuade the Japanese Cabinet to return promptly to the Soviets a Mig-25 Foxbat fighter whose pilot defected to Japan in 1976. The plane in fact went to the United States, but a grateful Kremlin released twenty imprisoned Japanese fishermen anyway (Ishida comes from a farming and fishing district).

Ishida denies that he followed Stan's proposal, or that he received any money from the Soviets, although he says he may have met a person resembling Levchenko at a Russian Embassy party. This has the ring of truth: if the president of the Soviet Friendship Society failed to show up at a shindig at the Embassy, who would? And K.G.B. men, one supposes, are fairly thick on the carpet there.

Next on Stan's list is Takuji Yamane, managing editor of the *Sankei Shimbun*, a conservative businessman's newspaper. Stan disclosed that "Chou En-Lai's will," forged by the Russians to indicate dissension in the Chinese leadership, was passed to Yamane for publication in the *Sankei*, not, interestingly enough, by Stan himself, but by his K.G.B. predecessor.

Respectable Japanese newspapers follow an Oriental code of honor which requires an editor who falls for a forgery to resign. Yamane has done so, protesting that he had done nothing against "Japan, the fatherland I love," and adding, "All I can say is, it is Levchenko's word against mine." Similar denials have come from the other "agents" named by Stan. These include a former chairman of the Japan Socialist Party; the secretaries-general of a Socialist study league and an overseas cultural association; a Japanese freelance journalist; and an executive of Television Asahi. Asked why he failed to name his other eighteen "agents," Stan explained that in cases of this sort Japanese often commit suicide. (None has yet done so.) The Japanese Foreign Ministry has also reported finding no trace of "Nazar," the diplomat who, according to Stan,

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passed the contents of cables from Japanese embassies around the world.

However, as a result of these disclosures, we have more information about Stan the man, and the problem of his motivation. He found God, he says, quite early in his career, and became a secret churchgoer while still in Moscow. I saw no signs of this myself, but, as he says, "If my former colleagues had known about it, I would be persecuted by the Soviet authorities." My impression that Stan was happy in his work was also, it seems, mistaken: "My career in the Soviet Union was successful not because I believed that it was proper to do what I had been doing," he told the Intelligence Committee. "I was working as a high-performance robot, sinking my frustrations in long hours of work."

Back in Moscow on leave before the Olympic Games, Stan says, he observed with disgust that construction work on the Olympic Village was being held up while K.G.B. men installed microphones in the athletes' dormitories. "I witnessed firsthand the fact that the Soviet Socialist system was not working for the good of its citizens," he recalled. "I came to the understanding that it is a totally corrupt dictator-type regime with rotten moral standards."

BUT THE CRUNCH apparently came in an area not unknown in the West, namely office politics. According to Stan, if one man is a living symbol of the rottenness of the whole Soviet system, it is Lieutenant Colonel Vladimir Pronnikov, Stan's former boss in Tokyo. Pronnikov was friendly on the surface (we all know that treacherous smile at the water cooler) and even recommended Stan's promotion to captain. However, Pronnikov heard "through an informer" (apparently they have this kind of rat in the K.G.B. too) that Stan disapproved of Pronnikov's methods of undermining *his* boss. Pronnikov therefore set out to block Stan's promotion, and even suggested that Stan himself should spy on his K.G.B. colleagues. "He felt," writes Stan's *Re Dai* biographer, "his old loyalty to Russia and his countrymen, to the honest officers who like himself were cogs in an inhuman machine." So in October 1979, due to return to Moscow for routine reassignment, Stan chose Washington and the *Reader's Digest* instead.

Stan's self-portrait reads, in fact, very much like a job application. Surely the international intelligence community has a slot somewhere for a youngish man with years of spooking left in him, experienced, reliable, his only faults a tendency to work too hard and a distaste for office intrigue. At 41, Stan has chosen freedom, not unemployment relief, which raises perhaps the most interesting question of all: whom is Stan working for now?

Without access to microfilms or brush contacts, we can do no more than survey the possibilities: (1.) *The K.G.B.* Stan is trying to make general by the mole route; (2.) *The Cabinet Research Room.* Unlikely. Japanese don't care much for Russians, and in general prefer to employ Japanese if at all possible. Besides, they don't pay nearly as well as (3.) *The C.I.A.*, where Stan may be angling for a job. "It is an honor for me to meet such highly professional, highly motivated and determined officers whom I have met from the Central Intelligence Agency," he told the Intelligence Committee. You can't get fairer than that. Or, perhaps, (4.) *Stan already has a job with the C.I.A.* His byline has certainly dropped from sight lately, and he must be doing something for a crust. It is, however, inconceivable that the Company would authorize Stan to pick up a little change on the side with his memoirs. Now, what interest would Langley, Virginia, have in the intricacies of Japanese politics?

AS THINGS STAND, quite a bit. With Yasuhiro Nakasone, Japan now has the world's most vocally pro-American male prime minister. But he is having trouble moving Japanese public opinion his way, which is to increase the defense budget, including heavy purchases of American weapons. This, certainly, is the direction that Washington also prefers, as it would simultaneously reduce Japan's huge trade surplus with the United States and engage Japanese taxpayers more deeply in the common defense effort.

The trouble is that, according to the polls, the Japanese public doesn't recognize the Russian threat. They prefer to see Japan as a bystander in the superpower struggle, enjoying an American defense guarantee, but otherwise free to do business with all sides. This is the line of the Japanese Socialist Party. It is possibly significant that Stan, at least by his own account, did not have any dealings with the Japanese Communist Party, which claims a voting strength upwards of two million. But the J.C.P. lives in a political ghetto, and has no influence on national policy. The Socialist Party, on the other hand, is the loyal opposition, with something like a veto (by procedural stalling) on major measures. And, of the eight people fingered by Stan, four were Socialists.

On the other hand, the Socialists are riven by factions, and pursue a woolly-minded policy of hearing all sides. Stan may, quite genuinely, have found more people there ready to pass the time of day with him, and thus to figure in his reports (and possibly in his expense accounts) as "agents." Understandably, he presented his achievements in Tokyo in the most flattering light, both to the K.G.B. and to his new employers, whoever they might be. This is not unusual behavior in a man looking for work, either.

But if Stan's revelations were by way of a trial assignment, it is unlikely that he has found lifetime employment with the Company. The Japanese public is unmoved by his disclosures, spying is still legal in Japan, and a replacement has arrived from Moscow for *New Times*. Even the *Mainichi Shimbun*, which originally splashed Stan's story, headed its assessment: LEVCHENKO'S A FLOP.

What now? At 41, it's not too late for Stan to resume his journalistic career. He could try, for instance, this great little magazine in New York called *New Times*.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Some Students, Some Others

The White Rose
(TeleCulture Films)

Trading Places
(Paramount)

The Survivors
(Columbia)

I'm never less sure of my physical courage than when I'm asked, by a film or play or book, to condemn the anti-Nazi Germans who lived under the Nazi regime and did not rebel. I'd be able to despise them only if I were quite sure that, if I had been an "Aryan" German living under the Nazis, I would have rebelled, openly or secretly, would have been willing to risk the consequences. Since I'm a long way from certainty on that point, I'm reluctant to indict those anti-Nazi Germans for not being braver than I would have been.

This is underscored by the fact that there were some who did rebel and resist. I know I am not in their class. The memory of them fills me with anguished awe. Many of us think of ourselves as having moral courage, but it rarely gets us into much more difficulty than social shadow or, at worst, unemployment. Those rebelling Germans had moral courage to begin with, then the physical courage to let their moral courage govern their actions.

The White Rose is a German film about such Germans, a group of Munich university students in 1942-1943. The screenplay apparently has bits of embroidery on their social lives, all of it credible and apt, but the main story is historical fact. The little group called itself the White Rose and had, among its leaders, a brother and sister named Hans and Sophie Scholl and a professor named Kurt Huber. (I feel I ought to stand while I type their names.) The students distributed anti-Nazi, *pro-German* leaflets and they inscribed graffiti, trying to recall their country to some sense of its intellectual and political honor. Huber, a celebrated professor of philosophy and musicology, at first tried to dissuade them when they confided in him because he felt that their efforts were puny and futile, too dangerous for any possible effect they might have. (In fact, the White Rose did have some effect on students in other cities.) But Huber eventually had to join them because he could not endure their risking their lives for principles they had in part learned from him while he remained safe. The White Rose effort *was*, in terms of immediate results, futile. All the members were caught and executed—by the guillotine.

The film is directed, with considerable competence and no "glorification," by Michael Verhoeven, who wrote the script with Michael Krebs. The cinematographer, Axel de Roche, adds a crowning poignancy: most of the exteriors are in lovely light, so that the world around these students is itself endearing. (Housman: "Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose; /But young men think it is, and we were young.") The film begins at the time in these students' lives when they were already committed to their views. It omits the fact that, when Hitler came to power in the early 1930s, university students, not least in Munich, were among his most fervent supporters. We can also wonder whether, if the war had been going well, if Hitler had not bungled, if the Germans had not been stopped at Stalingrad, the White Rose protests would have occurred—at that moment, anyway. But this conjecture doesn't alter what did happen, doesn't lessen one's humility before those pitifully few students, surrounded by an ocean of hate.

One source says that Sophie Scholl's leg was broken during her interrogation by the Gestapo, that she had to be carried to the guillotine. (Not shown in the film.) She said to the court that sentenced her, "What we have written and said is in the minds of all of you, but you lack the courage to say it aloud." The twenty-two-year-old philosophy student had earned the awful right to speak thus.

The whole cast is good; Martin Benrath as Huber and Lena Stolze as Sophie are especially good. Stolze has one of those faces that *become* beautiful. There's one moment in the film that I'll remember long. Sophie is in her cell, just before execution, her back toward us, looking toward the light visible through a small window in the thick stone wall. She doesn't move. She says nothing. It is eloquent.

American film liberals are regrouping. For a couple of years at least, the Hollywood film atmosphere has been politically rather vapid. At its strongest, it generally seemed to affirm that we have entered an era of Right Thinking (two senses), as epitomized in *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Now some difference begins to peep through, in two comedies.

In *Trading Places* Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche are millionaire brothers, partners in a Philadelphia commodity-trading brokerage. Both are cold-blooded killers. Bellamy believes that people can be conditioned by circumstances (read "money"), Ameche believes that people are conditioned genetically, but this difference is imposed for plot reasons: ethically and socially, they have the same values. Both worship wealth,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Breathless. Surprise. Nowhere near Godard's level, this American transmutation has contemporary point. Additional surprise: Richard Gere is alive and violently kicking.

The Draughtsman's Contract. A Restoration black comedy, superbly written and directed by Peter Greenaway.

Psycho II. Predictably, the sequel is far below the original. Unpredictably, it's a clever, twisty horror story.

The Return of Martin Guerre. Based on historical fact, well acted and directed. Best of all, two hours in exquisitely re-created sixteenth-century France.

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both despise the poor and the black. (Jews don't get mentioned, but you can make your own assumptions.) One brother has a picture of Reagan on his desk, the other has a picture of Nixon.

The basic story gimmick was old when Mark Twain used it in *The Prince and the Pauper*. The two brothers make a bet to test their opposing beliefs, in conditioning and heredity. Their pompous young prosperous assistant is stripped of place and bank accounts and home and friends, by fiat and chicanery. A street black is put in his place and position, and (he has shown ingenuity in his street tangles) he makes clever market decisions. The black ascends; the white declines. Both victims discover how they are being used, and the black discovers additionally how he is despised. The two gulls unite in a scheme to bite the biters.

THE SCREENWRITERS, newcomers named Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod, had a fair idea for an essentially old-fashioned contrivance script, but they telegraph too much with character "plants" at the start and they run out of momentum about halfway through, so they pour in movie stuff to keep things going. The film's attitude toward women is also old-fashioned, from the heart-of-gold hooker to the décor of dollies at the end. I wouldn't swear that Harris and Weingrod had never seen any Preston Sturges films: *The Great McGinty* and *Sullivan's Travels*, which lean on change-of-status devices, and *The Palm Beach Story*, which, like *Trading Places*, has a wild train sequence. Fundamentally, however, they mean to say something about the gold standard as ethic and about the view of American society as a place in which to make enough money to get out of it.

John Landis, who directed such delicacies as *Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers*, works here with fewer italics, but the opening album of Philadelphia shots—which lasts exactly as long as the *Marriage of Figaro* overture on the soundtrack—is as irrelevant to the film as is the Mozart. Ralph Bellamy, who is Ralph Bellamy older, and Don Ameche, who is atrocious, are the tycoon brothers. Dan Aykroyd, who plays the initially high-rising assistant, is a successful comedian whose success I can't fathom. Eddie Murphy, the hit black comedian from TV, showed in *48 Hours* that he has cool style and slick timing; he shows it again here as the suddenly enriched beggar.

The Survivors, too, wants to be a bitter commentary on our times; it, too, gets mired in movie-ness. And this writer, too, Michael Leeson, is a newcomer to film, though he has written for TV. The script is like a Billy Wilder film gone invertebrate. It even seems as if it had been written for the Wilder duo, Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. Only Matthau is in it. The "Lemmon" role is played by Robin Williams, who is dull when he is straight, as he was in *The World According to Garp*, and who moves into a different film when he interpolates his TV shtick. His tricks are particularly damaging to credibility

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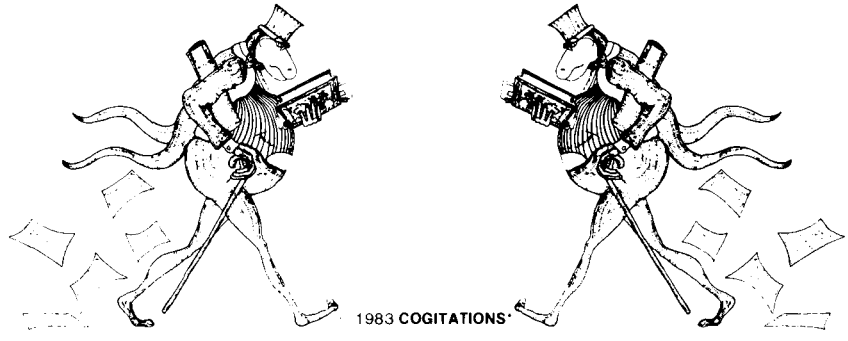

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next to the matter-of-fact Matthau.

Williams is a busy young executive who is suddenly fired—via the boss's parrot. No reason given. Matthau is a filling-station owner who is suddenly put out of business. No reason given. The two men are brought together by being in the same luncheonette when an attempt is made to rob it. Their lives are threatened by the arrested-and-released crook. By chance Williams gets a pistol in his hands, goes weapon-wacky, and buys all sorts of equipment in a gunshop (the best scene). He comes home loaded, loses his girlfriend, then takes off for a course at a "survival camp" in Vermont. The plot takes Matthau up there after him, accompanied by his moist sixteen-year-old daughter, then takes the vindictive crook after both of them. Twists follow.

In this film, too, the women are baggage. Williams's girlfriend is furniture. Matthau's daughter has absolutely no function in the story: she is carried along so that a female can be seen from time to time. Even the robber's wife is just lugged in for one scene, with a tag line from a revue sketch.

The liberal message comes through at the survival camp in the snowy mountains. The leader and teacher is a neo-fascist who exhorts his (paying) trainees with the message to kill or be swamped, to fight, literally, for the survival of capitalism. Though there are no racial or religious epithets in his speeches, anyone over eight can hear them. In view of recent attention to the clusters of armed rightists throughout this country, this element of *The Survivors* is timely. But it's cartoon, not satiric comedy, and the picture waffles through to an impossible, soppy ending. At the outset the writer may have had the idea of a man, dumped on by fate, who is temporarily tempted by the idea of armed vengeance on the corrupters of justice, but who sees the light. The idea doesn't. Michael Ritchie directed, less well than he did in *The Candidate* and *Smile*.

Both of these comedies fuzz up, ideologically and dramaturgically. Both are heavy in mechanism and flimsy in effect. But it's pleasant to see that the status quo is no longer placed beyond question.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Advertising a Dying Industry

The 1983 Tony Awards ceremony at the Uris Theater began with a George and Ira Gershwin number from *My One And Only* called "Kicking the Clouds Away." It was an appropriate theme for an evening dedicated to the song's composers, whose past triumphs were endlessly celebrated in song and, at the conclusion of the proceedings, in architecture, when the vaguely micturatory name of the Uris was changed to the more euphonious Gershwin. It was appropriate also because the whole enterprise was such an obvious effort to kick away the clouds hanging over the commercial theater. That very week, *Variety* told us that Broadway was in a major slump, paid attendance being down by approximately 2,500,000 patrons from the previous season, and box office off $18,000,000, despite a rise in ticket prices.

Given these morbid statistics, it was inevitable that the Tony ceremonies this year would partly be an exercise in heyday nostalgia, and partly a two-and-a-half hour commercial for a depressed industry. Sharing sympathetic vibrations with the industry, the master and mistress of ceremonies also looked depressed—the normally effervescent Lena Horne managing to display her splendid teeth only when she first appeared, and Richard Burton bleating through his nasal passages as if he were delivering a funeral oration for his dead career.

Gloomily, they introduced the presenters who, in turn, were entrusted to name the nominees and winners of the various awards. Each a star of one of the few remaining shows on Broadway, these celebrated survivors materialized before the cameras in full costume, sharing the screen with huge poster blowups of their productions. Bombarded by such hard sell, I found it difficult to distinguish the Tony ceremonies from the commercial breaks, especially when the sponsors were also using Broadway stars to merchandise their products. One moment Frank Langella was bounding on stage in a sweatshirt to advertise *Passion*; the next, Darth Vader Jones was eulogizing the new Polaroid camera, Bernadette Peters was squealing over her American Express card, and Patricia Neal was prescribing Anacin for a stewardess with a headache ("You can fight anything and win," remarked this famous stroke victim). Even Charlie Chaplin was pressed posthumously into commercial service through the offices of an impersonator peddling I.B.M. personal computers. (If it hadn't been for a Planter's Peanut spot, featuring a couple of taxi drivers, you might have thought that everybody in America was in show business.)

IN SUCH an atmosphere, one could predict the winners by the ticket sales. What the Tony Awards invariably celebrate is not theater but box office returns, with the blockbuster musical ("our greatest artform in America," according to one awardee) monopolizing the honors by virtue of being the biggest potential goldmine. Because of its limited popular appeal, serious drama excites very little interest, especially since two of the shows nominated this year for the best play award had long since expired and the two survivors were commercially marginal: the winner was perfunctorily announced at the start of the ceremonies before most viewers had a chance to turn on their sets. In a competition that included Lanford Wilson's *Angels Fall*, David Hare's *Plenty*, and Marsha Norman's *'night Mother*, the award went to Harvey Fierstein's *Torch Song Trilogy*—a beneficiary, some said, of the AIDS sympathy vote. The irrepressible author bounded on stage to share his surprise with the rest of us, while his producer, saluting the "stupendous and miraculous moment," proclaimed his eternal devotion to "my partner and my lover," thereby emerging from his closet onto the carpet of your living room.

This out of the way, we were in a position to concentrate on the real mission of the Tony ceremonies, which is to increase attendance and income at "our greatest artform in America." In the interstices between a medley of Gershwin songs and production numbers from a period when nobody claimed more for musicals than their capacity to enter-

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tain, the awards were presented to a field so thin and uninspired that it made the past seem positively golden. George Abbott ("ninety-six years young" and advertising a revival of *On Your Toes*) appeared on stage to present the award for best musical director to Trevor Nunn (artistic leader of the Royal Shakespeare Company) for *Cats*, which collected seven awards that night. "All I can do is purr," Nunn remarked, adding: "In England, we dream of New York . . . the place where we learn how to do musicals"—a sweet way of thanking Broadway on behalf of all his moonlighting compatriots from the British subsidized theater for helping to improve their credit ratings and expand their portfolios.

The poet T. S. Eliot was not present to offer similar expressions of gratitude, having died some years before he could enjoy the unutterable, unanticipated honor, shared with Tommy Tune and Harvey Fierstein, of winning two Tonys in the same evening—the first for best lyrics for a musical, the other for best musical book. In collecting his awards, Eliot's wife paused to assure us that he would have been unspeakably proud to see his *Book of Practical Cats* transformed into an overweight, overproduced musical, then carted off the Tony medallions, possibly to place them aside his Nobel medal on the family dressing table. Winning a Tony for best set for *Cats*, John Napier had the good taste to limit his remarks to a simple "Thanks," probably the most dignified response possible in the circumstances, while Andrew Webber, *Cats* winner for best score, noted that the band continually replayed snatches of "Memory" every time *Cats* was mentioned: "I'm a bit worried—we seem to be a one-tune show. Thank goodness, George Gershwin wasn't nominated in this category."

THERE WERE a few other isolated moments of dignity in the evening—one, when Matthew Broderick, honored as best featured actor for *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, dedicated the award to his dead father, James Broderick, though this death had been overlooked in the theater obituaries compiled by the Tony producers. And there was a trace of humor, too, when Natalia Makarova, winning for *On Your Toes*, acknowledged, in an accent penetrable only in the Russian Tea Room, "my husband, who didn't help much, but wasn't in my way." More often, however, the stage groaned under the weight of overripe, overdecorated actresses—who in turn were impeded by heavy jewelry, sequined gowns, piled dyed hair, and enamelled faces that had been lifted so often they seemed three feet off their necks—trying to wrap their vocal chords around the Gershwin tunes. Mercifully, Jessica Tandy, accepting an award for outstanding actress in a play (*Foxfire*), was present to show that what really conquers the aging process is not cosmetic varnish but interior grace, as displayed in the natural, regal elegance of a true beauty.

Finally, one came away from this lavish undertaking, despite its paeans and tributes, even more disconsolate than ever about the future of the Broadway theater—and especially about the commercial future of the Broadway musical, its last hope. Alone among its competition—*My One and Only*, *Merlin*, and *Blues in the Night*—only *Cats* is a palpable hit. *Blues in the Night* has long since failed, *Merlin* is limping, and none of the four has received any serious acclaim. There are those who have considerably more respect for *Cats* than I do, but even they would be likely to concede that the musical pickings in recent years have been extremely slim—which explains why Hal Prince has announced his intention to abandon Broadway, why Stephen Sondheim is now writing a musical for Playwrights Horizons, and why the New York Critics Circle gave its musical award to the off-Broadway *Little Shop of Horrors*.

By continually plugging Gershwin tunes, the Tony Committee exposed its unspoken awareness that the glories of this "greatest American artform" were all in the past, in the same dustbin with the serious Broadway drama. And that is why the awards have turned into a gigantic commercial for a dying enterprise. Alone among the various prize committees, the Tony Committee still refuses to recognize that the American theater exists in other geographical areas than the fifteen tawdry streets between 41st and 56th. To acknowledge this is to admit that the nature and structure of the theater have radically changed in the past twenty years; but to ignore it is to transform a once-proud artform into a public travesty, more appropriate for selling used cars.

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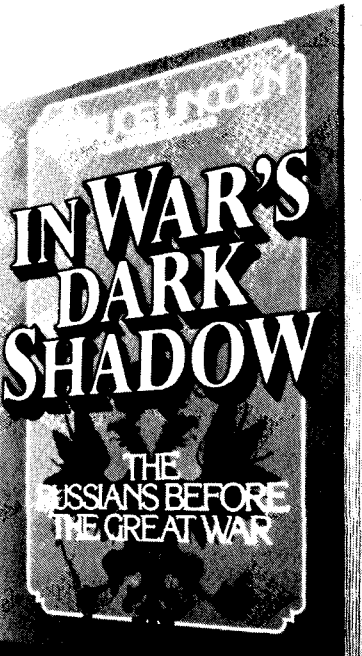

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The ideology of feminism has taken a new turn.

BEYOND THE FEMINIST MYSTIQUE

BY BENJAMIN R. BARBER

TWENTY YEARS after the publication of Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, radical feminism as a coherent and compelling political ideology is all but dead. As staunch a movement figure as Eleanor Smeal, past president of the National Organization for Women, has wondered aloud whether the term feminism is not inflammatory; perhaps it should be dropped, she has suggested, and concrete reforms emphasized instead. Women continue to confront the biases of the marketplace and the tension between work and family, but nevertheless conservative and even liberal women vote in large numbers against the constitutional instrument feminists have fashioned to liberate them. The feminine mystique is vanquished, but the feminism that did the deed is now itself denounced as a new and nefarious mystique—and not only by reactionary "total women" like Marabel Morgan and Phyllis Schlafly—but by Betty Friedan, the original oracle on mystiques.

How did feminism become a mystique? How has an ideology—and the ideology, not the movement, is my subject—which enjoyed such currency only a few years ago, been so quickly discredited? Why, as Susan Jacoby asked in a recent *New York Times* "Hers" column, are "too many women misconstruing feminism's nature"? False consciousness? Male backlash? Continued patriarchal socialization? None of these answers will do. Men are not that smart, women not that stupid; this is an age in which liberation rhetoric is in vogue, and ideologies of emancipation, even where they fail to win real power, are widely acknowledged as legitimate. The pendulum is indeed on a conservative swing, yet combatants in other struggles have not retreated the way radical feminists have, in disarray, confessing earnest apostasies as they go.

Feminism in what Friedan calls its "second stage" has about it a mood of recantation. In fact, dispassionate observers could see that something was amiss merely by looking at the titles and slogans that lept off the jackets of feminist books ten years ago: Jill Johnston's *Lesbian Nation*, which seemed to suggest that heterosexuality was the female form of treason; Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch*, which found an explanation for impotence in being female; Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics*, where the personal became the political and sex was redefined as purely a power relation; Kathrin Perutz's *Marriage is Hell*, which argued marriage was, and Ellen Peck's *The Baby Trap*, which revealed why. The slogans were extraordinary: marriage was hell, sex was political, coitus was killing, married women were prostitutes, babies were traps, intercourse was rape, love was slavery, families were prisons, and men were enemies. But the ideological premises to which the slogans pointed were even more extraordinary: sexual differentiation inevitably led to sexual inequality, reproductivity was a form of bondage, femininity was a rationalization of slavery, and the family was society's chief institution of oppression.

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

Colette Dowling, *The Cinderella Complex: Women's Hidden Fear of Independence* (Summit Books, 1981)

Barbara Ehrenreich, *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight From Commitment* (Anchor/Doubleday, 1983)

Betty Friedan, *The Second Stage* (Summit Books, 1981)

Carol Gilligan, *In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development* (Harvard University Press, 1983)

Carol McMillan, *Women, Reason, and Nature* (Princeton University Press, 1983)

What these premises suggest is that when feminists called for androgyny—the eradication of sexual differences as the condition for political equality between the sexes—they were engaged not in caricature or polemics, but were merely extending the logic of the original attack on the feminine mystique. The feminine mystique had spawned the maternity mystique, the family mystique, the baby mystique, and the reproduction mystique, all of which needed equally to be demystified.

Despite its overt preoccupation with men, this logic ultimately identified the chief obstacle to women's liberation as women themselves: women as they conceived themselves in the false consciousness of their traditional roles and virtues. To be loving, nurturing, empathetic mothers; to be self-effacing, helpful wives; to be civilizing, domesticating, conserving homemakers—these were so many signs of weakness and inadequacy. Radical feminism was to be a revolution carried out in the name of Woman against women. To abolish the hold of nature over women might mean to abolish woman's nature. In this climate of hostility to nature, to sexual differentiation, and to the forms of femininity, the new feminist mystique flourished.

The problem was not simply one of rhetorical extravagance. Every revolution requires its polemics—oppressors are usually deaf to reasoned whispers. Even man-hating on the model of S.C.U.M. (Society for Cutting Up Men) had a political utility. The difficulty with the new mystique was not that it often challenged or detested men, but that it often challenged and detested women. Women with families, Juliet Mitchell announced in *Women's Estate*, were inclined to "small-mindedness, petty jealousy, irrational emotionality and random violence, dependency, competitive selfishness and possessive-

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ness, passivity, a lack of vision and conservatism." This, we must remind ourselves, is a portrait drawn not by a misogynist but by a feminist. If women in families were despicable, the family itself was in Mitchell's description "by its very nature, there to prevent the future." Betty Friedan had herself denigrated housework as "tasks for feebleminded girls and eight-year-olds," and likened the home to a comfortable concentration camp."

The feminine mystique had celebrated the insufficiencies of being female as palpable strengths; the feminist mystique denigrated the strengths of being female as palpable insufficiencies. The problem with being a women was neither misogyny nor external oppression; it was simply *being a woman*. To liberate women could only be to extirpate the woman, leaving behind an androgynous shell of abstract personhood.

Under these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that at the very moment of radical feminism's media triumph, the forces of reaction were gathering. There were hoots of derision from misogynists, paeans to the mysteries of female sexuality from neoromantics like Norman Mailer, and dark warnings from neo-Victorians like George Gilder who announced that if women gave up their aprons, men would revert to barbarism.

But the crucial reaction came from women. And the voice of that protest was meant to address the struggle against women, not the struggle for liberation. With equality itself, there was no intrinsic quarrel—but at what cost? Freedom was, in the abstract, an attractive goal—but achieved by what means? Women might wish to be free, but not of their womanhood. If accepting sisterhood meant abjuring womanhood—husbands, generativity, love, babies, nurturing—then they would do without sisters.

If the Phyllis Schlaflys and Marabel Morgans were feminine cartoons, their adversaries were feminist cartoons, and as between the two mystiques—if that was to be the choice—a great many women preferred the caricature of femininity. Besides, among the half-deceptions and exaggerations that critics of feminism like Schlafly deployed to distort the feminist position, there were half-truths to which some feminists refused to pay heed, much to their own peril. Abortion was not merely a matter of preference; life was in the scales on both sides, as only a flagrant narcissist could fail to see. Homemaking could be denigrated as an occupation only by belittling millions of women; and in attaching to it only a market value, feminists cheapened rather than enhanced the value many women believed it had.

BY ALLEN CARROLL FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Marriage might produce new forms of bondage, but it also produced new forms of freedom, while the vaunted independence of the liberated and divorced often turned out to mean loneliness and penury. Children were demanding, but they were their own reward and often extended rather than narrowed the boundaries of a woman's life. And work, though it could bestow status in the marketplace, was—for all but the mobile upper-middle class—drudgery, and often narrowed rather than extended a woman's opportunities.

Over and over again, what women seemed to reject was not liberation but the price radical feminists insisted on attaching to it. The Equal Rights Amendment was not defeated by women who despised equality, but by women who liked women and liked being women. Not that the E.R.A. entailed androgyny. That was the pity. The E.R.A. was a relatively innocuous, wholly desirable application of traditional liberal principles to problems of gender discrimination, which, however, appeared to be advanced in the name of an ideology rooted in the feminist mystique. Women were in effect talked out of the amendment by its most vociferous advocates.

It is these disastrous consequences of the feminist mystique that have finally given pause to many feminists, who have recognized that an ideology that repels its own constituents is incoherent. Though not the first, Betty Friedan's recantation signaled the official demise of the feminist mystique she had helped create. Her change of heart, she admits, grew out of disappointment and fatigue: "I am tired of the pragmatic, earthbound battles of the woman's movement," she confesses in *The Second Stage*, "tired of the rhetoric. I want to live the rest of my life. . . ." To do so, she continues, confession giving way to apostasy, "we must admit and begin openly to discuss feminist denial of the importance of the family, of women's own needs to give and get love and nurture, tenderloving care." *Ad feminem* critics of the movement once used to charge it with covering up internal "woman troubles"; Friedan is now admitting as much: "My own brave words in the early days of the women's movement hid a certain abject terror of making it on my own, in the last days of my self-destructive marriage."

About the same time Friedan's *The Second Stage* was published, another confession-cum-recantation appeared: *The Cinderella Complex*, by Colette Dowling. Dowling was everyone's—certainly her own—ideal of the new, emancipated everywoman, pursuing an independent career with the zeal of an acolyte. Then, to her horror, she fell in love and found herself collapsing back into

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grateful dependency, all too happy to be "rescued" from the world, all too ready to return to the nest she had just fled. When Dowling finally confronted her oppressor, it was herself she faced. As long as feminists failed to understand this, she concluded, they would struggle with the wrong enemies and win pyrrhic victories.

The queasiness about "freedom" had been around for a number of years before emancipated career women found themselves being distracted by biological time clocks and discovered that a baby or a man could set their personal quest for liberation back a decade overnight. "There is no more radical nor desperately nihilistic statement," Midge Decter had warned in *The New Chastity* (1972),

> to issue forth from the lips of humans than that there are no necessary differences between the sexes. For such differences both issue in and do in themselves constitute the most fundamental principle of the continuation of life on earth.

It took nine years for Betty Friedan to give a liberal rendering to Decter's neoconservative warning. In *The Second Stage*, she can finally acknowledge that "to deny the part of one's being that has, through the ages, been expressed in motherhood—nurturing loving softness, and tiger strength—is to deny part of one's personhood as a woman." But Friedan seems unaware of how much she is granting. "Nurturing loving softness" is a phrase drawn from the lexicon of the feminine mystique Friedan had set out to discredit twenty years earlier. And personhood is a denial of the concrete specificity of womanhood: the person is a legal abstraction defined by formal rights and is precisely not a woman or a man, a Christian or a Jew, a black or a Caucasian. It is just this dilemma that makes woman's liberation so much more problematic than proponents of either the feminine or the feminist mystique have been willing to allow.

Revisionist feminism is thus feminism in disarray. Dowling's book outraged feminists without pleasing conservatives. The work of another ambivalent feminist, Jean Bethke Elshtain, has drawn much the same ambivalent response. In a provocative essay in the fall 1982 issue of *Dissent* called "Feminism, Family, and Community," Elshtain argued for the importance of traditional familial ties and communal virtues without abjuring her feminism. The *Dissent* piece drew heavy fire, however: first from Barbara Ehrenreich, who in the winter issue defended feminism against second stage revisionism: and then from Marshall Berman, who in the spring issue defended democratic socialism against what he saw as Elshtain's neoauthoritarianism. Yet Elshtain insists in her replies that she remains on the left, and wishes only to argue that "certain radicals and feminists, on certain issues, have lost touch with some of the deepest aspirations among their own (putative) constituencies," and that "the animating ethos of women's familial and communal identities may serve as the nucleus of an alternative to atomistic and technocratic politics."

This is more than the internecine bickering of ideological purists. It issues out of a basic disenchantment—a revisionism that is ready to rewrite the history of the past without yet being ready to revise its blueprint for the future. Barbara Ehrenreich, who is a loyal and unswerving feminist in the face of Elshtain's revisionism, nonetheless perpetrates an even more startling revisionism of her own in her new book, *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight From Commitment*. In her fresh if highly selective rewriting of American social history since World War II, Ehrenreich argues that well before the feminist revolt, men were being led into rebellion against their traditional male roles as breadwinners and mortgage-holders by a most unlikely configuration of social movements. These included Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* philosophy (the magazine made its debut in 1953), which urged men to prefer an irresponsible bachelorhood where women figured only as particularly delectable consumables, to the responsibilities of marriage and the family; the medical discovery of stress as a major factor in heart disease for the hard-working overachievers who, it now turned out, were literally risking their lives to keep "spoiled" wives and children in the suburban comfort to which they had become accustomed; and finally the Beat Generation, which in its apotheosizing of irresponsibility, sexual promiscuity, male bonding, and "on the road" mo-

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bility, had redefined marriage as bondage and achievers as squares.

These three strains of postwar irresponsibility, Ehrenreich argues, infected the newly fashioned suburban family and undermined its foundations in the social culture well before Friedan got around to calling it a comfortable concentration camp.

> The promise of feminism—that there might be a future in which no adult person was either a "dependent creature" or an overburdened breadwinner—came at a time when the ideological supports for male conformity were already crumbling. Physicians had found men the weaker sex; psychologists were finding them perilously "rigid." The War [in Vietnam] reinforced the medical dictum that male aggressiveness was a lethal force; and the counterculture reinforced the promise, from the new psychology, of a richer life for those who could overcome their masculine hang-ups.

This is fascinating if debatable social history. Skeptics will point out that Ehrenreich picks and chooses among a plethora of possible sources, and that her actual themes come from the fringe rather than the heart of the 1950s social environment. A quite different moral emerges if one looks not at *Playboy*, cardiological stress, and the Beats (lesson: men were being tempted to abandon the family long before women were being tempted by feminism to imitate them), but at *The Saturday Evening Post*, Salk's polio vaccine, and the growth of television (lesson: marriage was great, kids were getting healthier, and everyone was staying home more—i.e., the family was flourishing as never before), or at *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, the elevation of cancer into a number-one killer, and serial music (lesson: anxiety and alienation were undermining individuals and families).

There are as many lessons to be drawn from social history as there are permutations and combinations of social movements, subgroups, trends, fashions, novelties, and revolutions. To be sure, men were anxious about stress, but they also worried about communism *and* McCarthy, cancer and the Bomb, and on the whole they mostly stayed on the corporate ladder and limited their rebellion to Sunday football on television or chronic insomnia. Men were doubtless resentful of the pressures associated with playing breadwinner, but they did not dream of permitting their wives to work or otherwise share their "man-size" burdens. They were fascinated by the Beats and titillated by the *Playboy* life style, but wore button-down shirts and chinos and restricted their yen for bunnies to Easter with the kids.

Nonetheless, for the purposes of this discussion, what is interesting is not Ehrenreich's selective reading of social history but the conclusions she draws from it—or, rather, fails to draw from it. Are her 1950s dropouts heroes to be welcomed as allies in the feminist struggle against the constraints of the bourgeois family? Or cowards and narcissists to be despised for their immaturity, their materialism and their mistrust of women? Does portraying Hugh Hefner as a weird predecessor of Betty Friedan exonerate him of sexism or indict her of narcissism? If Jack Kerouac is a harbinger of liberation, then are not feminists so many latter-day hippies in search of missing selves and in flight from the responsibilities of maturity? Ehrenreich does not and apparently cannot answer these questions. She notes that the male revolt of the 1950s was "a blow against the system of social control," which flatters her socialist in-

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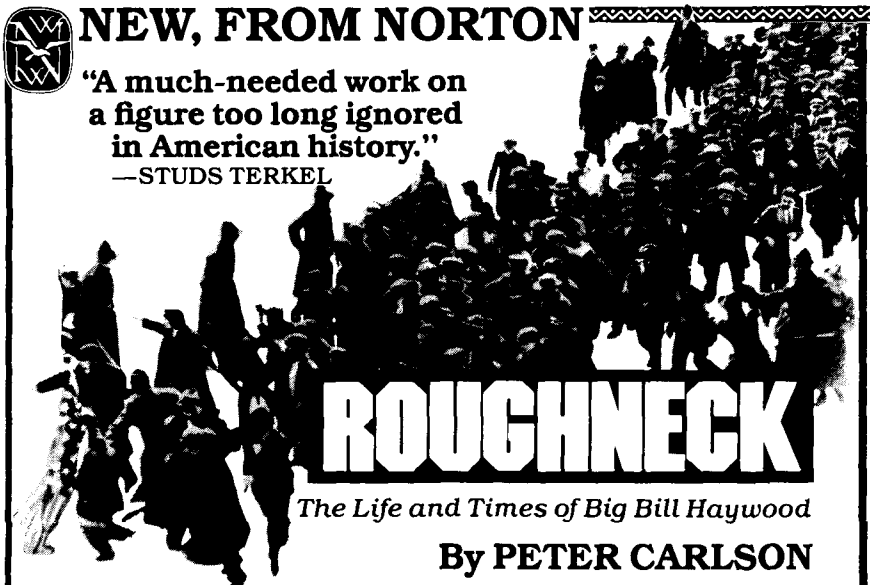

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stincts, but she also recognizes that it was self-indulgent, materialistic, and woman-hating, which offends her feminist instincts.

In the end, Ehrenreich can neither avoid nor resolve the central dilemma of feminism: how to be free without mimicking men—how to nurture femininity without relinquishing equality. Those like Elshtain and Friedan who remind women of the joys and responsibilities of loving and generativity (the new acceptable term for "reproductivity"), end up being viewed as traitors using liberal credentials to make arguments no less reactionary than those of a Midge Decter or a Rita Kramer. (Kramer's new book *In Defense of the Family*, [see "What Are Families Really For?" by Peter Steinfels and Margaret O'Brien Steinfels, TNR, May 16], is a neoconservative attack on feminism that does simply celebrate the traditional woman and the traditional family.)

From the point of view of practical politics, feminism's second stage is thus an unmitigated disaster. Its honorable ambivalence, if it does not actually encourage backlash, can produce political paralysis. Its welcome confusions yield factionalism, recantation, and apostasy. Dilemmas and conundrums may occasion great literature and subtle theory, but they do little to rid the world of gender discrimination and sexual inequality.

HAPPILY, there are signs that feminism may be moving into a third stage that rejects both androgyny and inequality, both sexlessness and sexism. The strength of the third stage derives from its return to the tradition of political philosophy within which the problems of gender, reproduction, and the family were given their first and richest conceptualization by philosophers from Plato and Aristotle to Rousseau and Mill. Susan Okin's excellent survey *Women in Western Political Thought* (see my review, TNR, March 1, 1980) was thus distinguished by its willingness to take seriously (though hardly to accept) classical formulations of the relationship between family and society that had been simply dismissed as ideologically noxious by revolutionary first stage feminists.

Third stage feminism is marked not by a concern with the history of ideas, however, but by a new willingness to engage in political theory on the model of the historical tradition. Two recent books, unremarkable and in certain ways even deficient, nonetheless signal a new assertiveness in feminist perspectives: Carol Gilligan's *In a Different Voice*, and Carol McMillan's *Women, Reason and Nature*. Not all feminists will like Gilligan and McMillan, because both are unrelenting in their criticism of the feminist mystique and what they take to be its surrender to masculine paradigms. But their intention is to show that crucial terms in political and moral discourse have been effectively preempted by men to ensure that putatively generic and gender-blind concepts will in fact be patterned on male models.

Gilligan argues that moral development theorists from Freud and Piaget to Erickson and Kohlberg have equated typically male forms of maturation with generic *human* maturity, and labeled fe-

THE WHATNOT

How many people have thought to keep a whatnot
today? Mine makes me old fashioned
but I am fascinated by it.
Five shelves with bric-a-brac to dust,
backed with mirrors on each to clean.
There is the candy box with its boy with a blank face
weathered off above his pale jacket and black knickers.
I bought it in an antique shop
because it showed the way I felt
as a young runt hurrying about my paper route
in the winter weather. A straw man astride a straw horse
is a relic from Mexico
along with a cubed onyx face
(as of an old god) bought from an Indian peasant,
whose brightly dressed wife had huge breasts.
The black elephant, trunk upraised, a gift of my son.
The brown, wooden ducks, gifts of Dora who jilted me.
They sit beside a white, curved ceramic fish or bone
fish, I don't know where from, and these are the saddest things,
those of lost origin. What shores
are these shells from? What did I feel as I picked them up
at La Jolla, Hawaii, Assateague, La Push
or someplace else I found? What great hopes went through my mind?
The mind's trace of them is like that boy's white, empty face.
Pictures are another matter:
My father's austere young profile,
hair shorn back, intense ghostly eyes,
or the scary full front view of him in uniform.
If he had not returned I would simply be unborn—
so would my brother who stands beside my grandmother,
me, younger, on her lap. There is the formal portrait
of my father, all stiff-suited
and my beautiful, dead mother
in a buttoned dress and broad hat, hands filled with flowers.
I can't help wondering did she ever suckle me
at her great breast? I always thought
not since she died within the month,
but, God, perhaps a little bit?
Is it too much for a grown man to have wanted it?
Why, I am energized like the boy
holding the reins, scampering off on a rabbit's back
on this bright silver napkin ring—
my father's gift to my whatnot.

JOHN LOGAN

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male forms of development as early, truncated stages of their male counterparts—that is to say, as atrophied and defined by immaturity. McMillan likewise suggests that the paradigms of reason have traditionally been defined by masculine modes of abstract cognition and analytic logic, thereby leaving women to associate their rather different thought processes with intuition or instinct or other modes of irrationality. In short, if to be grown up is to be a man, then to be a woman is necessarily to be a child; if to be rational is to think like a man, then to think like a woman is to be irrational.

To simplify, feminism in its first stage responded to this domination by male archetypes by in effect demanding that women think like, mature like, and be like men—by insisting that women could do what men do and be what men are. Second stage feminism reacted by accepting the distinctions imposed by the male models, but by saying it's all right to think like a woman; irrationality has its virtues; the male mode of development has its costs.

NEW FEMINISTS like Gilligan and McMillan accept the validity of differences, but insist on the need to reformulate the very categories by which differences are identified and accounted for. Thus, rather than simply acknowledging that women are irrational and demonstrating that irrationality has its uses, McMillan assails an exclusively male analytic-abstract conception of reason. "Emotion has its cognitive and rational aspects," she writes, "and 'feminine' activities are subject to criticism and appraisal no less than masculine ones." Gilligan is equally anxious to expose the conceptual biases built into the literature of moral development, and to suggest that there are female forms of moral development and moral judgment different from but equal in philosophical merit and moral status to the male forms.

This style of argument, which is patently radical, indisputably feminist, yet completely at odds with the feminist mystique, finds an ample resonance in second stage feminism. For example, Betty Friedan is much impressed by a 1980 project of the Stanford Research Institute that distinguished male and female forms of leadership—the male or "Alpha" form being characterized by "analytic, rational, quantitative thinking . . . hierarchical relationships of authority . . . deterministic engineered solutions to specific problems . . . ," the female or "Beta" form being characterized by "synthesizing, intuitive, qualitative thinking . . . a contextual, relational power style . . . tuned to more complex, more open and less defined aspects of reality." But what are merely intriguing clues in Friedan become careful yet aggressive arguments in Gilligan and McMillan.

Gilligan not only suggests that there are female forms of moral judgment of a very high order to be found in what male standards deprecate as other-directed or dependency-inspired or wishy-washy female responses to moral questions; she also asserts that the "reluctance to judge" which men interpret as moral immaturity evinces a feminine "reluctance to hurt" and a concern for mutually satisfying solutions suggestive of a fully developed and "mature moral understanding." As Gilligan writes:

> The blind willingess to sacrifice people to truth [typical of male moral judgment] . . . has always been the danger of an ethics abstracted from life. This willingness links Gandhi to the biblical Abraham, who prepared to sacrifice the life of his son in order to demonstrate the integrity and supremacy of his faith. Both men, in the limitations of their fatherhood, stand in implicit contrast to the woman who comes before Solomon and verifies her motherhood by relinquishing truth in order to save the life of her child.

Men are inclined to idealize autonomy in their moral systems while condemning the female sensitivity to interdependency as heteronomy. Yet women, as Gilligan perceives, "portray autonomy rather than attachment as the illusory and dangerous quest," and so attempt constantly to reformulate moral dilemmas posed in the formal language of either/or truth, in the concrete relational terms of a web of affection and responsibility. One can wish Gilligan paid more attention to traditional distinctions in "male" ethics (the traditional contrast between intentionalist and consequentialist ethics is pertinent to her discussion) and that she was more willing than she is to examine the moral limitations of what used to be called situational ethics. Nevertheless, by teasing out of preponderantly female kinds of judgment (which she extrapolates from actual female responses to

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moral questions) a mode of moral reasoning that is clearly ethical yet quite unlike the standard models, Gilligan goes a long way toward "restoring the missing text of women's development" and thereby enlarging "developmental understanding by including the perspective of both sexes." In learning to listen to the different voice she lets us hear, we come to understand "why a morality of rights and noninterference may appear frightening to women in its potential justification of indifference"; just as we can see why "from a male perspective, a morality of responsibility" may appear "inconclusive and diffuse, given its insistent contextual relativism."

Carol McMillan does for reason what Carol Gilligan does for moral judgment:

> . . . even if the contention that women are emotional or more susceptible to compassion than men is actually true, it does not prove that they do not reason but live on an animal-like level of subjective intuitions. And the corollary to this is that the desire to make loving kindness a cardinal virtue of morality, as Schopenhauer wishes to, need not mean that one is asking for a return to savagery. What it does mean is that the rationalist attempt to construe morality as a peculiarly masculine achievement, as one that depends upon the subject-object dyad and on the suppression of feelings, is tantamount to the assertion that what we normally call goodness is something of which men must be logically incapable.

Feminism in its third stage would seem to be pushing toward a full demystification of both the feminine and the feminist mystiques, in favor of a realistic appreciation of sexual differences, the constraints they place upon us, and the plural virtues they make possible. A catalogue of its striking new premises would include the following:

— Women and men are biologically distinct in a way which, although not strictly causal or deterministic, powerfully conditions moral development and social institutions, and which cannot be theorized or wished away in the name of an abstract androgyny.

— Sexual differences, neither wholly inevitable nor wholly eradicable, are in themselves beneficent and life-enriching; liberation can be better won through their cultivation than their negation.

— Androgyny is not only undesirable in its homogenous uniformity, but also turns out to be a rationalization for dominant male paradigms disguised as neutral or generic or human archetypes.

— The special relationship that femininity affords women to generativity, nurturing, and affection endows them with a unique appreciation of (and responsibility for) the ethics of caring and of affiliation indispensable to the preservation of civilization. Far from oppressing them, these feminine traits are what distinguish them and the species from animals and gives it its talent (such as it is) for virtue.

— Given that sexual differences are valuable (rather than indelible), the quest for justice in social relations cannot be a search for perfect symmetry. Instead, ways must be found to preserve (or create) political and economic equality in the face of differing social roles, distinctive gender needs, and contrasting, if (ideally) complementary approaches to moral development and reasoning.

These premises, startling by the measure of first-stage feminism, constitute a fundamental rejection of single standard or unitarian perspectives on the politics of sex. Third-stage feminism champions the double standard. For the double standard is objectionable only when it is the concealed reality behind a single standard hypocritically applied. What was wrong with "separate but equal" was that separate was not and could not be equal in the context of segregated education. The challenge of third-stage feminism is how to make "different but equal" a reality, not because differences are ineluctable, but because equality is valuable only where it encompasses rather than destroys them.

A Swiss Master

Bluebeard
by Max Frisch
translated by Geoffrey Skelton

(Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 117 pp., $10.95)

The precision-minded Swiss have never been famous for grand gesture or passionate utterance. It is as if exposure to the mighty contours of the land has over generations pruned back the national soul and turned its energies inward. Auden, connoisseur of craggy places and intricate inwardness, might have singled Switzerland out as one of his "comfy" places—but then, his idea of "comfy" also included boiled meat and cold potatoes. Freud's cigar certainly glowed more brightly when he considered how much *geld* was tucked away in the penetralia of the Zurich banks. The Swiss reserve is at once federal and personal.

Out of this mountain fastness comes novelist, dramatist, and perennial Nobel candidate Max Frisch (*b.* 1911), whose career has been one long assault upon repression, self-satisfaction, and bourgeois right-mindedness. Frisch—the Swiss who would not be Swiss—has done everything in his power to throw off the burden of his heritage. In the forty years since he quit architecture for writing, he has expressed himself with great inventiveness upon a single theme: the near-impossibility of living truthfully. He determined early on that the will to self-deception acts on the character as powerfully and almost as inevitably as gravity acts on the body. From his first major novel, *I'm Not Stiller* (1958), right up through the just-published novella, *Bluebeard*, he has argued that the self is not a given, that love is anything but the voluptuous surrender in a TV ad, and that it was the imperialistic ego that Blake named as "The invisible worm / That flies in the night."

Frisch does not exempt himself from these grim assessments. Indeed, he learned much of the bad news by reading his own character. He admits in interviews that his temperament is depressive and that his writing is a struggle against great inertia. The works of the past decade—*Montauk*, *Man in the Holocene*, *Triptych*, and *Bluebeard*—bear this out. Once abundant, prodigal of invention, Frisch's narratives now look as

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though they have been carved from a close-grained material. And yet there is no sense of lost amplitude. Like Beckett's, Frisch's reductions draw much of their power from their position; each is the latest evolutionary moment in a complex oeuvre. Both writers have mastered the "Giacometti effect": the more skeletal the content, the more resonant the surrounding space.

For all its formal alteration, Frisch's work reveals an underlying consistency. The structural and stylistic shifts mark his maturing, the varying of his concerns, his need for increasingly direct statement. The man grows, but he is the same man. The narrative refinements of *I'm Not Stiller*, *Homo Faber* (1959), and *Gantenbein* (1964), yield to the rougher approaches, collage and diary techniques, in the later books. The former tend to be more exploratory, conscientiously fictional, more avid for the Truth about our inner experience; the latter show us how little we know and how little we may presume. This is not to say that Frisch has abandoned the noble Socratic pursuit. Rather, he appears to have determined that the larger part of experience is opaque, unknowable, and that this in itself makes up much of its truth. The unknowable becomes more and more important. Eventually it functions as space does in the famished sculptures of Giacometti.

I'm Not Stiller, the first of Frisch's novels to be translated into English, was not his first novel. In fact, it belongs to his second literary career. The first had been aborted in the late 1930s. A young Frisch, set on becoming an architect, carried all his published works—a novel, a novella, several stories—into the woods and burned them. He pursued his new profession with some success. But in the 1940s he started writing again, and by 1943 he had arrived at an existential cross-roads. The completion of his first major architectural commission coincided with the publication of his first mature novel. Many years later, *I'm Not Stiller* would have as its central concern the Kierkegaardian question: how does one choose oneself? The epigraph, from *Either/Or*, tells us a great deal about how Frisch worked through his dilemma:

> As the passion for freedom awakes in him (and it awakes in the choice, as it is already presupposed in the choice), he chooses himself and fights for this possession as for his happiness, and this is his happiness.

In *I'm Not Stiller*, as in the novels that follow, Frisch works to set out the line that separates true identity from self-deception, and, collaterally, love from egotism. He can stand with Proust as one of the great anatomists of love and obsession. If jealousy is one of the mainsprings of Frisch's narratives, this is because he understands that it is not so much a reflex of love as an eruption of thwarted egotism. Where relationships are founded not by authentic selves but by actors, where they consist not in sacrifice but in the mutual mirroring of fictions, there infidelity will bring the horrifying revelation. Time and again Frisch's "actors" are shocked from their spells by betrayal. When they are undone it is not by the loss of love but by the destruction of illusion.

The conceits of fiction served Frisch well for a time. He could tell stories about men and women who did not exist as selves and who lived by improvising stories with their lives. Subject matter and method dovetailed neatly. Anatol Stiller could insist, against all evidence, that he was not the Stiller

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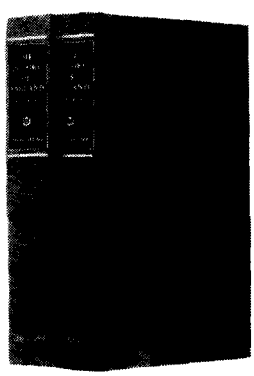

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By David Hume
Foreword by William B. Todd

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who had abandoned his wife. In the absence of a deeper contract with the self, a man is what he tells and what he makes others believe. Truth, then, is just the hardiest fiction. So too, in *Gantenbein*, the narrator takes up mask after mask to tell a story and, as in *Rashomon*, no single version is right or wrong. But Frisch held back from becoming a thorough fabulist. He made use of the fabulist's tricks and told a clever tale, but ultimately *I'm Not Stiller* and *Gantenbein* are anchored to the world. When his wife Julika dies, Stiller has to swallow the hard news that the wages of fiction are facts. In the same way, Gantenbein comes to himself in an empty apartment and realizes that no amount of inventive telling will bring his Lila back to him.

After *Gantenbein*, Frisch's prose changed decisively. Deliberate artifice disappeared, and a new set of concerns came to the fore. It was as if he had said all that he could, or wanted to, about the private sources of despair. The new Frisch was blunter, more public, much less occupied with subjective inwardness. The voice reflected the change. It became flat, unemphatic, ironic. All presumption vanished.

THE TRANSITIONAL book is *Sketchbook 1966-1971*. (Frisch had published a *Sketchbook 1946-1949* in 1950, a much more self-consciously "literary" effort.) Some might argue that a writer's journals do not constitute new work, but Frisch's *Sketchbook* clearly does. Carefully written and carefully arranged, its collage format directly anticipates that of *Montauk*. Cohesiveness comes from the subject matter. There are really only two topics of meditation: what is the place of the individual in a drastically outscaled political reality, and, on a very different plane, how does a person age and face death?

Frisch is disconcertingly frank on both topics. He offers no optimistic catchwords, no consolations, and no program except that of facing the truth. As an observer of the political sphere, he is attentive, sensible, and, naturally, aghast at the abuse of power in the name of ideology. Sympathetic to agitation and protest, he nevertheless can see only the growing irrelevance of the values of the individual. In one section he chronicles his meeting with Henry Kissinger. The two men are together at the White House, chatting about books and writing. Frisch keeps reminding himself that only a few days before, this same man helped set in motion the bombing of Cambodia. He is, by turns, fascinated by the intricate coexistence of power and personality and ashamed at his own inability to state his outrage over the war. He probes his feelings. Is it mere cowardice, a fear of giving offense? The situation, Frisch knows, is more complex. By expressing outrage he would also be creating the illusion that communication between writers and politicians mattered. Or else he would be forcing upon his host and himself the truth that both would prefer to avoid—that in events of this scale the views of individuals count for nothing. And yet, he thinks, maybe this is precisely what must be brought into the open. ". . . I am not a political person," writes Frisch in *Montauk*, "because I *verinnerliche* everything . . . (I) take everything personally to heart."

This difficult, self-deflating frankness has become a hallmark of Frisch's writing. As he confesses his inadequacy during his visit to the White House, so does he discover every fear and subterfuge of the "doomed," or death-bound, man. *Sketchbook* is an organon of the psychology of aging, and as such it is almost unique in literature:

> The doomed man has already stopped kissing his daughter, or at least he gives his kiss an ironical air. He is equally shy of kissing other young women when the social occasion . . . would permit it. He considers his lips an imposition. If on such occasions a young woman kisses him artlessly along with everyone else, the doomed man betrays himself by feeling disconcerted.

The same cast of mind is carried over into the brief autobiographical novella, *Montauk* (1975). Frisch professes to be giving a straightforward description of events, external and internal, of a weekend spent at Montauk. The writer, in his sixties, is there with a young woman. They could be said to be having a tryst, except that he admits to feeling "presumptuous" whenever he has a romantic urge. The two pass their time walking, sunning, playing ping-pong, once making a try at love. Throughout, Frisch heeds the sharp intrusion of memories. These are given in the first person, while the rest is narrated in the third. "He wishes there did not have to be memories." Memory, for Frisch, is the organ of remorse; it brings him face to face with his failures. The happy moments of the past have already been destroyed by the fact of their passing. What remain vivid are his disintegrated marriages, the unhappy finale of his love affair with the writer Ingeborg Bachmann, betrayals and deaths. And no felicity in the present can temper these visitations. They are the legacy of the way he has lived his life.

Montauk becomes art rather than mere reportage by virtue of Frisch's self-severity, his eye for nuance, and his great skill at collage assembly. Detachment and intimate revelation strike a perfect balance. His jump-cuts carry us from present to past and back until we feel the inward rush of space and time, and experience the private allusiveness that comprises the life of the psyche.

TWO YEARS AGO, Frisch published an even slimmer novella, *Man in the Holocene*. The plot was minimal. An old man is alone in his house in the mountains during a storm; he takes a foolhardy walk; he suffers bouts of memory loss. As he tacks up bits of information from the encyclopedia, we are given—once again in collage form—all manner of facts about the age of the earth, fossils, climate, evolution, geologic transformation. The counterpoint is intentionally obvious. We are to contemplate the various magnitudes of natural process, to grasp that at a certain scale the glories and failings of the race are negligible. Still, in the old man's desperate fight for memory, something glimmers. We could not call it hope—Frisch is not one to feed us hope—more likely it is a remnant of the ancient evolutionary spark.

Man in the Holocene had the feel of a closing statement. Considered alongside *Triptych*, which was published shortly after, and which presented a series of post-mortem dialogues, it gave every indication that Frisch was moving into the preserves of silence. Indeed, given the premises he had established, silence was the logical next step.

The appearance of Frisch's *Bluebeard* is for this reason startling. Slim, as exquisitely crafted as any of his other works, it is at once a stride forward and a return to certain former tendencies. Dr. Felix Schaad has been acquitted of the murder of Rosalinde Z., a prostitute and one of his seven former wives. The narrative consists of the obsessive replaying of the trial in Schaad's mind.

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Try as he may, he cannot silence the testimony. He walks, drinks, plays billiards by himself——nothing helps. The voices of former wives, friends, and neighbors come to him as he lines up difficult shots. His billiard game mirrors the cause-and-effect pattern that now has him captive.

IT IS NOT CLEAR from the testimony or Schaad's behavior whether he has or has not committed the crime. What does emerge from the various accounts is that he has lived his life as a supremely egotistical creature. As the testimony comes to an end, Schaad quite suddenly breaks. He rushes back to his home town and makes a confession at the police station. The town is nowhere near the scene of the crime, though, psychologically speaking, it is the very place. ("—Why exactly did you drive to Ratzwill?" "—It is where I was born.") Having made the confession, Schaad drives his car into a tree in an unsuccessful suicide attempt. While he is in the hospital, news comes that the real murderer has been arrested. But this makes no difference to the now-speechless Schaad. He has discovered his guilt. He did not murder Rosalinde, but he could have. The murder was a specific event, but his guilt is a condition of the soul. Schaad's final utterances—" ", " " and " "—are the most damning of admissions.

Bluebeard has been executed with the sharp geometrical inevitability of a perfect combination shot. Frisch is not so much returning to earlier themes as he is bringing the preoccupations of a lifetime under a more calculated and intense pressure. Eliot's remark, that each new masterpiece changes our relation to the masterpieces of the past, can be applied to this newest addition to Frisch's oeuvre. *Bluebeard* suggests that Frisch's zeal for serious, difficult subjects has not abated, that those of us who prophesied silence were premature. His tidings are no cheerier than usual, but we have never looked to Frisch for cheer. He has always been there to remind us that there is no simple prescription for truthful living, and that happiness is that point in geometry where parallel lines melt.

SVEN BIRKERTS

Sven Birkerts is currently working on *Hamann's Bone*, a defense of poetry.

NEITHER LOW NOR SIMPLE NOR FAIR

Low Tax, Simple Tax, Flat Tax
by Robert E. Hall and Alvin Rabushka

(McGraw-Hill, 137 pp., $9.95 paper)

As a politically viable program for tax reform, the flat-rate income tax is on its death bed. Last year congressional tax writers gave the flat-tax program a serious look, and most were properly terrorized by the unpolitic distributional implications of abandoning graduated rates. But the two Californians whose December 1981 *Wall Street Journal* article deserves most of the credit for the flat-tax boomlet have not given up. Having honed their program "on radio talk shows, before professional and lay audiences, and testifying before Congress," they have just published a spirited but fundamentally flawed book defending their original idea.

In *Low Tax, Simple Tax, Flat Tax*, Robert Hall and Alvin Rabushka of Stanford's Hoover Institution claim to have found in the tax systems of Hong Kong and the Isle of Guernsey a loophole-free income tax so simple that taxpayers could file their tax returns on a postcard. What they actually have proposed is a complex consumption tax disguised as an income tax—a program that would dramatically increase taxes for average Americans while inviting tax shelter abuses.

Although they call their tax a "low tax," Hall and Rabushka have abandoned their earlier efforts to disguise the reshuffling of burdens it would entail. For example, the authors admit that a person earning about $9,200 in wages and fringe benefits would pay taxes of $1,059 under their plan, an 85 percent jump from the current $574. At $17,600, they estimate that the tax bite would increase by about half, from $1,726 to $2,535. Based on their numbers, I calculate that a $30,000 wage earner would pay almost double under the "low tax" plan.

As it turns out, Hall and Rabushka intended the "low tax" feature of their program only for the wealthy. They illustrate, for example, how someone making $690,000 would get a tax reduction of $72,000 under their plan—a drop of over one-third. And some million-dollar-a-year individuals would enjoy tax cuts of as much as 80 percent.

These numbers, according to Hall and Rabushka, are not as dreadful as they may appear. Like their "supply-side" compatriots, the authors believe that tax cuts for the successful are the key to economic progress. They promise that their proposal, if enacted, would so energize the American economy that all income groups—even those paying far more in taxes—would come out ahead within three years. They are undaunted by the dismal performance of tax incentives over the past decade and by the unfulfilled promises of the Reagan Administration's experiment in "trickle-down" economics. They also are indifferent to the increase in the gap between rich and poor that their proposal would foster. Not surprisingly, Milton Friedman gives the Hall-Rabushka plan his unqualified endorsement.

Higher taxes and trickle-down economics may not appeal to ordinary Americans these days, but tax simplification has always enjoyed popular support, at least in the abstract. The proposal that Hall and Rabushka are selling, however, is not a simple tax. The wage portion of their tax, whence most of the revenue flows, is straightforward enough, but no simpler than current law for persons whose only income comes from wages. The "postcard" form the authors suggest is almost identical to the new I.R.S. form 1040EZ, except that its type is smaller.

The major complexity of the current income tax comes in the treatment of business and investment income, due both to intrinsic problems and to the plethora of loopholes, incentives, and other special relief measures. And despite the authors' many claims to the contrary, their business tax adds to the intrinsic complexity of the present system and opens up its own set of complicating loopholes.

To dramatize the alleged simplicity of their business tax, Hall and Rabushka have designed a business tax form no bigger than the postcard form that wage earners would fill out. Unlike the wage form, which is genuinely simple, the

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business form is a fraud. Not only does it provide the tax authorities with little of the information they need to select returns for audit, it also gives taxpayers almost no guidance on computing their tax liabilities.

Take, for example, line one of the business postcard, labeled "Gross Revenues from Sales." Taxpayers who read the Hall-Rabushka tax code will learn that, in addition to gross revenues from sales, they should include on this line gross rents, royalties, gross proceeds from the sale of business assets, the market value of exports, whether sold or not, and, if the taxpayer is a bank, the value of the services provided to customers and charged for indirectly through lower interest rates. "Sales" includes amounts received for services, says the Hall-Rabushka tax statute, but whether it includes the proceeds from exchanges is nowhere explained.

Thus the single number reported on line one of the business postcard incorporates by reference an iceberg of unrevealed complexities. Similarly, the next line of the form, "Allowable Costs," is a cryptic reference to a long list of permissible write-offs.

Having made tax audits a true lottery, Hall and Rabushka then offer a number of other "simplifying" proposals that go a long way toward destroying the income tax completely. They simplify the depreciation rules by allowing an immediate tax write-off for investments in tangible assets (including land). They simplify the taxation of dividends and capital gains by exempting all dividends and all nonbusiness capital gains from taxation. And they simplify the taxation of interest income by denying a deduction for the person paying interest and then exempting from tax the one receiving it. All of these rules are patently unfair to wage earners paying a full tax on their income. What the authors apparently do not realize is that they also offer enormous tax shelter opportunities.

A tax specialist of average competence could pick the Hall-Rabushka tax code apart in minutes. What kinds of tax shelters would be found? Some would be new. For example, because profits from the sale of stock would be tax exempt, business taxpayers always could avoid paying tax on sales of assets that otherwise would be taxable by funneling those assets into a corporation and selling the stock in the corporation. As a result, aggressive taxpayers could deduct their investments in tangible assets over and over again by selling those assets each year through corporate shells and buying identical replacements with the sales proceeds.

Some shelters would be old ones, including many now closed under current law. For example, shelters built on the overvaluation of depreciable assets—such as the notorious movie shelters that Congress recently brought under control—would thrive under a tax system that permitted a current deduction for the cost of tangible assets and excluded loan proceeds from the tax base.

Not only would these shelters be nearly impossible to audit, due to the Hall-Rabushka postcard form, but, even if the I.R.S. managed to detect abuses, it would be without weapons to combat them. The antifraud provisions of the 1982 tax act and the limitations on deductions generated by borrowed funds adopted in the 1970s are not spared the Hall-Rabushka "simplification" broom.

Ironically, the Hall-Rabushka program would even allow homeowners to use their personal residences as tax shelters—ironic because the authors supposedly would come down hard on homeowners by the "cold turkey" repeal of mortgage interest deductions. By purchasing their homes through personal corporations and then renting them back, however, homeowners could generate tax deductions that would make the current homeowner preferences look paltry. (In case deductions exceed a taxpayer's ability to use them, Hall and Rabushka generously allow not only a full carry-over of the excess deductions to succeeding years, but also require the government to pay interest on the unused deductions!)

MOST OF THE obvious shelters that Hall and Rabushka would open up probably could be closed quite easily by competent tax technicians working with a Congress willing to take on the inevitable shelter lobbyists and PACs. But the antishelter provisions, like their counterparts in current law, would not be simple. Whether Hall and Rabushka would endorse complex anti-avoidance provisions is far from clear, since their flat tax would be impossible to sell without the illusion of simplicity. At bottom, all that the authors can reasonably claim for their system vis-à-vis tax shelters is that, by reducing the tax bills of the wealthy, they would reduce the absolute amounts of tax those persons could shelter.

Those familiar with the European value-added tax—a type of national sales tax collected in stages—will see strong parallels between it and the Hall-Rabushka scheme. One major difference is that, while the European systems tax imports and exempt exports, the Hall-Rabushka plan would do just the opposite—not an inspired solution to America's export problems.

In posing as architects of a simple "income tax," Hall and Rabushka may have learned a lesson from the most recent outspoken congressional proponent of an American VAT, former House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Al Ullman, Democrat of Oregan, who was retired by the voters in 1980 largely for championing VAT. But a disguised VAT is worse than the real thing, for it combines the unfairness of a national sales tax with the inherent complexity of an income tax.

The authors of this manifesto for the flat-tax movement make some deliciously outrageous claims for their proposal. They boast that they have "worked out all the practical details of the simple flat tax," while offering a tax form that is unworkable and a tax "code" so sketchy that it fails to specify who is subject to the tax, when the tax is to be paid, and who is authorized to collect it. They claim that cutting taxes on the rich and raising them for everyone else would help flush out the underground economy, and then they point to Hong Kong, whose underground economy is legendary, as their exemplar. They assert that their system would eliminate the notorious "marriage penalty" of current law, but because their wage tax grants smaller per capita personal allowances to married persons than to single persons, they perpetuate and in some cases increase the tax advantages of living in sin.

The flat-tax movement has shown Congress that there is a constituency out there for tax-reform measures that give up unnecessary deductions in exchange for lower tax rates and fewer technical rules. It provides a small political opening, therefore, for some genuine reforms. For example, it has helped put on the long-term political agenda the "Fair Tax" proposal of Senator Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey, and Representative Richard Gephardt, Democrat of Missouri, which would achieve the simplification benefits the public could reasonably expect

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from the Hall-Rabushka flat tax without substantially altering the income distribution patterns of current law.

But poorly constructed, unfair proposals like that of Hall and Rabushka are still a menace. They could make average Americans incorrectly believe that they are the likely victims of any program to simplify the income tax. And, paradoxically, they could give some members of Congress one more excuse to vote against incremental improvements in the present tax structure—the only route to reform that offers a realistic hope for success.

MICHAEL J. MCINTYRE

Michael J. McIntyre is professor of law at Wayne State University.

A NATIONAL SOUND?

All American Music: Composition in the Late Twentieth Century by John Rockwell

(Knopf, 288 pp., $15.95)

It is easy to point out the peculiarly American influences in American music. One can show how the blues evolved from the experience of blacks in the rural South and then became hardened and electrified in the urban North, how modern country music derives its character from the myths of the American West, how jazz owes its freedom to the experimentation of black musicians in New Orleans and Kansas City. But it is a long way from such historical observations to generalizations about "American Music." The music of Miles Davis and Merle Haggard and David Del Tredici can all be correctly called American, but taken together they don't add up to any single musical identity.

Unfortunately, John Rockwell believes they do. He thinks there is something quintessentially American that goes beyond the almost arbitrary historical roots of modern musical form in the United States, that some national musical character connects the most various composers. "It is my hope," he writes in the introduction to *All American Music*:

> that a reader will gradually perceive [the book] as the telling of a tale—a tale of traditional, cultivated music opening itself up to the diversity of the true American musical experience, just as the finest American artists and intellectuals have always been attuned to the breadth of American life as a whole.

Rockwell, a *New York Times* music critic, makes his case with a group of loosely connected essays, the subjects being twenty living, working composers who represent for him larger artistic and historical issues. (Milton Babbitt, for instance, stands for "the Northeastern academic establishment and the romance of science," and Stephen Sondheim stands, get this, "not only for Broadway today, but also for the whole tradition of the urban, non-rock popular song and even for American opera. . . .") While it is easy to quibble with Rockwell's "inevitably arbitrary" choices, and later I will, his thesis deserves comment.

An analysis that links serialist Milton Babbitt, performance artist Laurie Anderson, and jazz freestylist Ornette Coleman, as Rockwell's does, is either too general to be useful or so nationalistic as to be tone deaf. Of course, this is not to say that these aren't American composers; the character of their work certainly derives from their culture, but it is not exactly Americanness that they share. What they share is style, as well as other elements of music. It is not at all clear what Americanness in art is. The late Muddy Waters had more in common with The Rolling Stones than he did with fellow American John Cage.

There are many Americas, and each has its own cultural and historical legacy. It is precisely this cultural diversity that can produce a George Gershwin and a Charlie Mingus—both American composers, whose experience is not even remotely similar. And where do America's borders begin? Apparently not to the north, since Rockwell sees fit to include Canadian rock'n'roller Neil Young. So, one doesn't need to be American to write "all American music." And indeed one doesn't—some of the best examples of American music are written and performed by foreigners who have adopted styles originated in the United States, the Stones' country-rock songs for instance.

Rockwell's essays are not meant to be comprehensive studies of their subjects, but cumulatively to illustrate his larger point. Unfortunately his choice of composers is so idiosyncratic, so personal, so unexplained, that the point is lost to all but the author. The strength of his enthusiasm for his chosen few does not quite carry the book. Rather, it subverts its thesis; sequential essays on Ornette Coleman, Eddie Palmieri, and Stephen Sondheim, for example, show only how little these Americans really have in common. Moreover, Rockwell's choice of subjects is too scattershot.

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How can one justify a book on American music that excludes all blues artists, all country artists, Duke Ellington, George Gershwin, Miles Davis, Leonard Bernstein, Chuck Berry, Rogers and Hammerstein, and on and on, while including the African-inspired Art Ensemble of Chicago and the unimportant Keith Jarrett. Rockwell says he has confined himself to the living and the working; but then he has drastically limited the scope of his argument. Defending his inclusion of movie sound editor Walter Murch, Rockwell offers another explanation, one that comes very close to being an apologia for his whole book:

> The abrupt answer is: Because I have designated him a composer. If that seems an arbitrary, eccentric or arrogant extension of the critical imperative, remember that one consequence of experimental and electronic music has been a new attention to the creative role of the listener. If, as a professional listener, I choose to extend my creativity still further and call somebody a composer who really isn't one, that is my prerogative.

Now there is a critic in trouble.

Taken as a collection of newspaper-style criticism of twenty working composers, Rockwell's book has merit. There is a tendency toward triteness. (This summing up of Keith Jarrett, for instance: "More charitably, one should remember that Jarrett is a romantic in his soul as well as his music. . . . Anyone who can make music as wonderful as the best of his solo improvisations deserves more than one chance to grow and be heard.") But there also are some fine moments. The description of ambient composer Max Neuhaus's pieces has just the amount of humor appropriate to the man who installed sound-generating equipment underneath Times Square, introducing an organ accompaniment to the dissonant sounds of 42nd Street.

Rockwell is best when he lets the composers speak for themselves. At times their introspection comes very close to expressing what it must be like to be an artist, as with this reflection by David Del Tredici.

> About halfway through the piece ("Final Alice"), I thought "Oh my God, if I just leave it like this, my colleagues will think I'm crazy." . . . But then I thought, "What else can I do? If nothing else occurs to me, I can't go against my instincts." But I was *terrified* my colleagues would think I was an idiot. People think now that I wanted to be tonal and have a big audience. But that was just not true. I *didn't* want to be tonal. My world was my colleagues—my composing friends.

Ironically, it is Rockwell's willingness to let the composers speak for themselves that has produced the most damning comment on his own enterprise. Elliot Carter tells him:

> I soon began to realize that whatever American character my music had would be the character of myself making music. I came to realize that America is itself being created right here before us, moment by moment, combining its sometimes perplexing unwillingness to consider the past with its good-natured generosity and idealistic hope for the future. To chart a cultural development here, it seemed to me, was a waste of time, while what was and is important is to make the present, with all its connections to the past and anticipations of the future, exist more powerfully than either of these.

Rockwell's effort to define an American Music is indeed a waste of time. His enthusiasm for American music is not.

JEFFREY PUNDYK

Jeffrey Pundyk is a former TNR reporter-researcher.

TRAVELS WITH MY ANGST

Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book by Walker Percy

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 262 pp., $14.05)

I once got lost in the Boston Common. I was five. It was exciting but scary, and I was glad when a policeman scooped me up next to his paternal pot. Being lost in the cosmos, according to Walker Percy, is worse. For one thing, Boston's finest are nowhere to be found. For that matter, neither is Boston, for when you are lost in the cosmos you are not lost in a place but in a condition. It is hard to escape from a condition. You could die your way out of it. You might, Percy implies, believe your way out, seeking a spiritual substitute for my beefy Boston cop. Psychotherapy, though, won't get you out. Nor will that associated nostrum, the self-help book, this one included—a parody of the entire orgasm-a-day-keeps-the-blues-away genre.

To put the author's message in a sentence, our alienation from each other, our estrangement from religious faith, and our semiological pathos as the creature that can name everything in the cosmos except itself, have us in a permanently awful fix. Despite its subtitle, this book won't help, though it does contain one form of comfort: intellectual delight. It crackles with thought, ideas, exotic information.

Most intellectuals in the Percy class have the same mentors—Marx, Freud, and the Frenchman of the month. That's why Harold Rosenberg called them "a herd of independent minds." Percy has this shifting trinity down pat, but he also is familiar with subjects rarely conned by our intellectual class. Science, for example, and medicine (he is an M.D.), theology and semiology (his last nonfiction book, *The Message in the Bottle*, dealt with semiotics and Chomskian linguistics), Southern history and existentialism, plus an intimate knowledge of junk culture—TV, the movies, and the juicy divorce and infidelity sweepstakes. He lets all this mental stuff tumble out in this book, and the result is by turns a sharp sermon made up of highly imaginative examples, quizzes, and thought exercises, and a formless, how-do-I-stop-this-book ramble.

It's a good thing Percy is so witty; otherwise his parade of the profundities would put you off. Self-consciously deep, spiritual, concerned with damnation and redemption, he is, one feels, always searching for new metaphors for that old libel, Original Sin. (His account of the semiological situation of the self, unable to define or place itself in the world, is one of these.) I find it remarkable that such a rigid categorical notion, an idea with no shade in it at all, can enable so much thinking. The trouble is that the thinking is all along the same line. You keep hoping the author will board another train of thought. Instead,

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he tends irresistibly toward a single doctrinal destination. According to Percy, the self, by which he sometimes means the postreligious self but more often the thing itself, is fundamentally out of place in the cosmos. Nothing to be done but ride out the ennui. If, like me, you think people who say they have existential problems are avoiding calling their emotional conflicts by the right name, then Percy will strike you as barking, eloquently and with impressive originality, up the wrong tree.

After all, you can say anything you want about the human condition; but the test of truth in these matters is not how much reality you can conjure with your wand of words, but how much you can capture. For example, you can say this about the self: I feel empty because I am depressed, and I am depressed because I am afraid of my own aggression—I turn it against myself rather than use it on the world. Or, following Walker Percy, you can say this: I feel empty for a good reason—I am empty. So are you. We are all maws of negation. We are not only empty ourselves, we smear our emptiness all over the world, like an invisible but fatal stain, until the world and everything in it mirrors our condition. Those who take the first view of the empty self believe that psychotherapy can help them; they are willing to try pills, even self-help books, to get a little relief. They are not worried about saving their souls; they will settle for an afternoon without a repetition of their major problem. Those who take the second view come on sounding bleak but then tag on some such hopeful codicil as this: I feel empty only up to a point. Basically, I'm not empty. How could I be? I'm made in the image and likeness of God. Sure, I'm not doing so well now, but that's because I don't belong here. My place is with Him, and I'll reach it when I die if only I believe hard enough.

If you think that's deep, then Father Percy will speak to your hopes and fears. As for me, I liberally underlined his book, took many notes,cheered this clever touch, that inspired phrase, but finally tuned out. I got the message, and for all the color and celerity of Percy's mind, the message does not change. In this book, at any rate, he repeatedly posits the reality he would like to reveal. He conjures; he does not, to my mind, capture.

The chapters—on the Envious, Misplaced, Fearful, Nowhere, Impoverished, Depressed, Bored, Demoniac, Lonely I, Lonely II, Orbiting, Exempted, and Transcending Selves—are most ingeniously constructed. Typically they begin with a question: "Question: What does the saleslady mean when she fits a customer with an article of clothing and says: 'It's you'? " Six possible answers follow, starting with the shallow and descending to the deep, which is, the reader has no doubt, Percy's answer, viz. "f.) The saleslady means what she says. It really is you. That is, you are not much without it, you perceive yourself as mousy, and you are something—yourself in fact—with it." Percy's six answers do not include the one I would put first—that the statement's meaning is less important than its motive: the saleslady, who is paid on commission, wants the customer to buy the article of clothing. Mercenary considerations like these may not be deep, but they bulk large in most lives, setting a humiliatingly narrow limit for the spirit. These vulgar impediments, what Dr. Johnson called "the bread and tea of life," are mostly beyond Percy's lofty ken.

Ah, but I am Percying Percy, boiling him down to his text and so boiling away his texture, which is always expressed with vivacity and is often hilarious. For example, in a chapter on The Promiscuous Self, Percy quotes this delicious bit of evidence on contemporary mores from a "Dear Abby" letter:

> I am a twenty-three-year-old liberated woman who has been on the pill for two years. It's getting pretty expensive and I think my boyfriend should share half the cost, but I don't know him well enough to discuss money with him.

Read *Lost in the Cosmos* for its parody of "The Phil Donahue Show," for its challenging chapter on the semiological dilemma of the self, and for its mordant discussion of why writers drink. Read it to find out why you can't look anyone in the eye, why Johnny Carson can't think of anything to say at a party, and why John Cheever was right when he said that "the main emotion of the adult North Eastern American who has had all the advantages of wealth, education, and culture is disappointment." Read it and be grateful that you're stuck in the saving muck of the quotidian, too immersed in the world to listen to the turbid music of your soul. Leave that to Walker Percy, our maestro of fear and trembling.

JACK BEATTY

TRB, *from page 6*

debate can be more rationally cast.

C.D.F.'s president, Marian Wright Edelman, asked earlier this month, in an underreported graduation address at Hunter College, whether Americans would rather build *one less* of the proposed 226 MX missiles (at $110 million each) or end poverty in one hundred thousand female-headed households. For that matter, she pointed out, cancellation of the whole MX program (it's just a bargaining chip, anyway, we're told by the Senate experts and their new "practical" allies in the House) could eliminate poverty for *all* twelve million children below the poverty line and there would be enough left to pay college tuition for three hundred thousand potential scientists and engineers.

Other choices posed by Marian Edelman and the C.D.F.: $100 million per year on military bands, or on remedial reading programs for two hundred thousand educationally deprived children? Keep a luxury hotel owned by the Department of Defense on Waikiki Beach, maintained for the use of military officers and retirees, or sell it for its fair market value and thus finance Medicaid coverage for all poor pregnant women, some of whom, in labor, are being turned away from hospital emergency rooms?

On and on the choices go: B-1 bombers—just nine of them—could finance Medicaid for all pregnant women and children living below the poverty level. For that matter, you and I pick up $12.06 of the check for each subsidized meal served in the Secretary's mess at the Pentagon. Forty mid-morning milk-and-juice snacks, which poor children of working mothers don't get anymore at day care centers, could be bought for $12.06. The "safety net" didn't hold and the budget cuts eliminated them.

Of course, these are not real choices. If the Defense budget increase is held to 5 percent, nobody thinks Medicaid, or day care center budgets, will increase by a similar amount. In fact, there are those observers, not wise but maybe a little cynical, who think that if these comparisons don't work, we should try to sell Secretary Weinberger on the bands and the hotels rather than the missiles and the bombers. After all, that money is merely wasted or unwisely spent; but the bands and the hotels don't kill anybody, nor do they lead to retaliatory strikes.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Person of Destiny

WHITHER AMERICA? More specifically, who's got the inside track for '96? I'm referring, of course, to the Presidential election of 1996, which is shaping up as a very interesting contest. The big question, clearly, will be whether the Democrats can hold on to the White House. Some people think that eight years is enough for even the most virtuous party to wear out its welcome. They are convinced that when President Cuomo (see "Washington Diarist," June 6) goes back to Queens at the end of his second term, his successor will inevitably be a Republican. I don't buy that logic. Why should the country want to turn its back on the policies that will have served it so well under Melancholy Mario? And even if everyone's tired of the Democrats by then, so what? It's the independent voter who swings elections, and the independent voter tends to go with the man, not the party. So it all depends on who gets the nomination. And once that is in the bag, isn't it obvious what's going to happen? Here's this week's prediction: the belle of the 1997 Inaugural Ball will be the President of the United States herself, Sally K. Ride.

POSSIBLY YOU ARE wondering how I know that Dr. Ride, as *The New York Times* calls her (thus avoiding having to call her Miss Ride, which is no good because she's married, or Mrs. Ride, which is no good because if she's Mrs. anybody she's Mrs. Hawley, or Ms. Ride, which is no good because the *Times* stupidly refuses to employ this useful honorific), is a Democrat. The answer is that I deduced it. I have been studying the details of her life story in *People*, and though there is nothing directly about her politics, there are certain clues. She started college at Swarthmore, which points in a pretty clear direction, don't you think? Even after she transferred to Stanford (which she did because Stanford has a better tennis team, not because Stanford has the Hoover Institution), she studied not only physics but also English ("because Shakespeare intrigued her," writes *People*). According to *People*, Sally's mother, Joyce Ride, devotes her spare time to "serving as a counsellor at the women's county jail," a dead giveaway that she has a bleeding heart. Mom is also something of a feminist, apparently. I happened to see a film clip on TV of Mrs. Ride watching Dr. Ride take off, and as the shuttle blasted her baby into the sky she cried, "Thank God for Gloria Steinem!" But the most telling piece of evidence is the Lou Reed song, which, unaccountably, is not even mentioned in the *People* article. In 1974 Lou Reed wrote and recorded a song entitled "Ride Sally Ride," which was released on an album called "Sally Can't Dance." Since Lou Reed had never heard of Dr. Sally K. Ride, the song must be considered prophesy. Admittedly, "Ride Sally Ride" does have some ambiguous lyrics (for example, "Ride Sally ride / Because if you don't you'll get a contusion"), but its chorus—"Oooh, isn't it nice / When your heart is made out of ice"—is plainly a reference to the laconic astronaut's cool that Sally would come to have. Maybe the other clues don't prove anything, but can anyone seriously contend that Lou Reed would write a prophetic song about a *Republican?*

IF SALLY RIDE is to win the election in 1996, she'll have to do better than Margaret Thatcher did in 1983. In scoring her victory, which has been hailed as a tremendous personal triumph, an overwhelming mandate, and the greatest landslide in the history of the world, Mrs. Thatcher and her party induced 58 percent of the electorate to vote against them. Still, by amassing the remaining 42 percent, Mrs. Thatcher did measurably better than Alf Landon, Barry Goldwater, or George McGovern, though not so well as Wendell Willkie, Thomas Dewey, Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey, or herself (in 1979). Mrs. Thatcher, running for reelection in 1983, got almost exactly the same percentage of the vote as did Herbert Hoover, running for reelection in 1932, and Jimmy Carter, running for reelection in 1980. But of course it is unfair to make such comparisons. Hoover and Carter did not have to face opponents with the charisma of a Michael Foot or a Roy Jenkins. Britain is not America, and the British landslide, like the British car, is not what it once was. Anyhow, even if the Conservatives' performance was the Austin Mini of victories, Labour's was unquestionably the Rolls-Royce of defeats. Mrs. T's huge parliamentary margin was due entirely to the grotesquely unrepresentative British electoral system, which imposes a two-party system on a three-party country. The Social Democratic and Liberal Alliance got nearly as many votes as Labour did, but Labour got more than eight times as many seats, because its votes were concentrated geographically. Absurdly, the Alliance did poorly because of its broad appeal to people throughout the country. It was punished for being national rather than parochial.

RONALD REAGAN'S victory in 1980 was also classified a landslide, and this, no doubt, is one of the many reasons why the case of the purloined debate book has been greeted with a gigantic yawn. As readers of the small print in the vicinity of the truss ads do not have to be told, it turns out that Mr. Reagan prepared for his debate with Mr. Carter the same way Mr. Carter did: by reading Mr. Carter's briefing materials. It will be diverting to see how long it will take this story to elicit any trace of indignation or even interest. My guess would be forever. Even Mr. Carter's friends admit that Mr. Reagan didn't have to cheat to win, goes the reasoning, so what does it matter if he did cheat? Who cares?

NO SUCH SHENANIGANS, I hope, will trouble the 1996 campaign. Deceptively youthful looking at forty-seven (so the feature writers will describe her), Sally Ride will zoom from one wildly enthusiastic rally to another, often taking over the controls of her own campaign plane. She will be the ultimate Atari Democrat. When it comes time to debate before the cameras, she will need no stolen debate book to get the better of her Republican opponent, who, if present trends continue, will be Marie Osmond. Naturally, Dr. Ride will win. And will President Ride then run for reelection? How should I know? But I will say this: it would be as wonderfully appropriate for Sally Ride, space traveler, to be reinaugurated in the year 2001 as it would be horribly appropriate for Ronald Reagan, master of the telescreen, to be reelected in the year 1984.

H. H.

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Strengthening Eximbank

Almost everyone agrees on the need for a strong defense. But in another sphere of international competition—trade—we appear less resolute.

A healthy, expanding export business is crucial to America's prosperity. To sell its products abroad and provide jobs at home, U.S. industry must be able to compete on equal terms with foreign business. In world markets, making a sale often comes down to offering the best financing terms.

Therein lies the importance of the Export-Import Bank, a U.S. government agency that provides financing to foreign customers so they can buy products made in America. It's one of the few government vehicles available to safeguard U.S. industry's international competitiveness.

The Eximbank's charter is up for renewal this year. It needs to be renewed and strengthened.

U.S. economic growth is best served by trade policies based on market forces, not subsidies or protectionism. We should continue working for a negotiated phase-out of export credit subsidies worldwide. Meanwhile, however, Eximbank policy must respond to reality.

Several years ago, the world's government-supported export credit agencies reached a "gentlemen's agreement" on minimum interest rates. But the U.S. has turned out to be the only "gentleman." Other countries have been offering cut-rate credit on terms far below market conditions. To be competitive, America needs equal clout.

The best defense against trade protectionism is a robust U.S. economy whose industries can succeed in world markets. A strong Eximbank can enhance their ability to compete.

Congress should authorize the Eximbank to:

- Provide competitive financing in all the bank's programs as its priority objective.
- Offer financing packages that include foreign-aid development assistance.
- Offset foreign subsidies to companies exporting into the U.S. domestic market in competition with U.S. manufacturers.
- Extend its activities into the area of trade in services in addition to products.

The stakes are high in the fight for international sales. If we fail to gain a healthy share of the world export market, the consequences will be chronically high levels of unemployment, renewed inflation, a weakened ability to pay for imported energy, and second-class economic status.

U.S. industry and its workers need the support of a strong, financially sound, and competitive Export-Import Bank.

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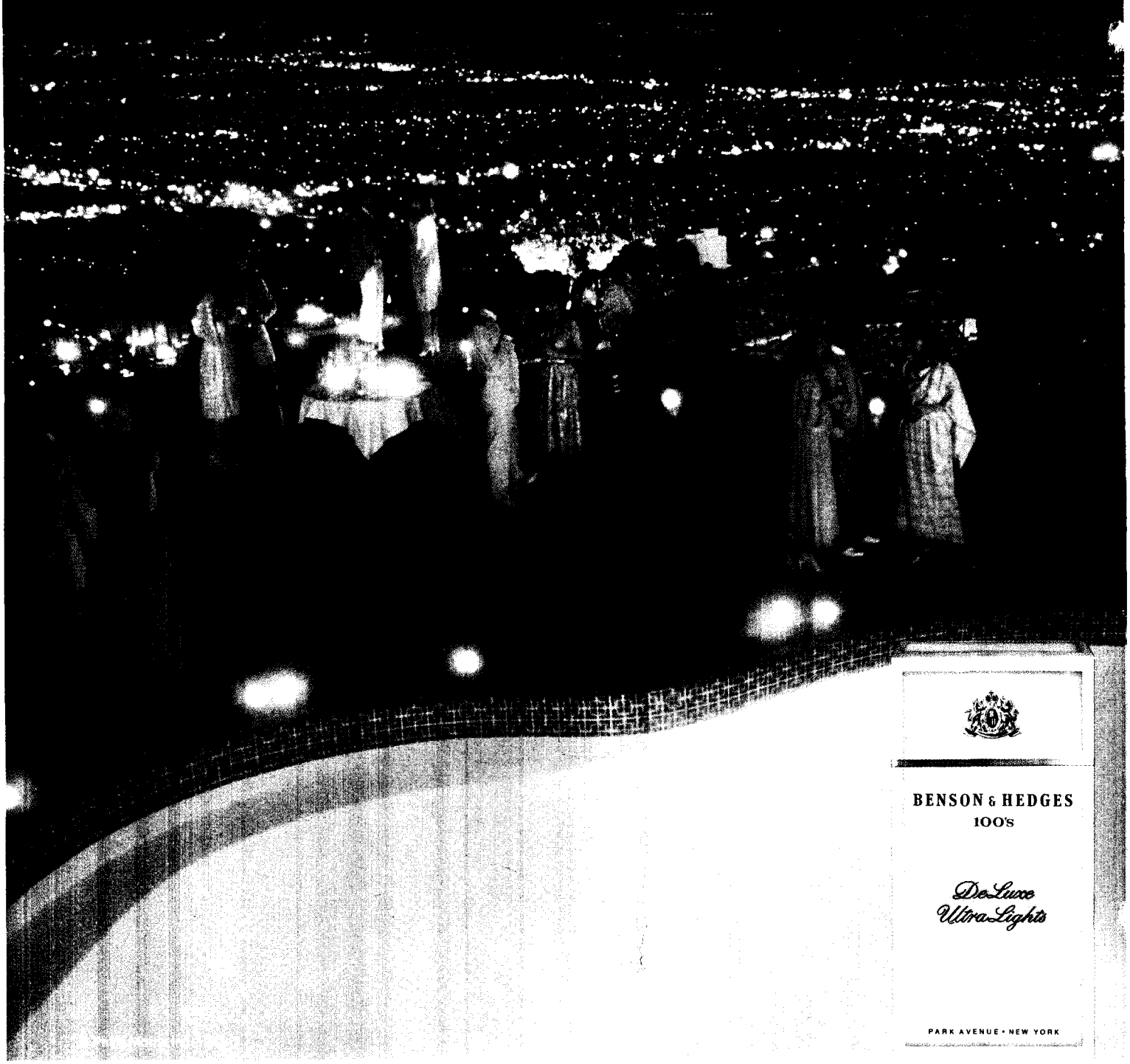

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